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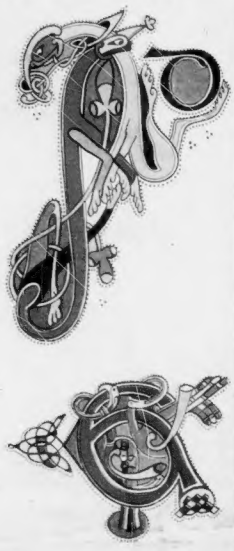
HOW OLD IS THE BOOK OF KELLS?



Compound Letters in the Ancient Book of Kells, Showing Intricate Animal and Spiral Forms, Curiously Worked in Color and Gold Leaf by the Monks at Kells Monastery, County Meath, Ireland, Probably in the Fifth Century.

A Quaint, Gold-Encrusted Representation of a Virgin and Child, Showing the Curious Mistake the Artist Made in Giving the Virgin Two Right Feet and the Child Two Left Feet.

Portrait of Saint Matthew, in Brilliant Colors, Resembling Stained Glass, Showing Saint Mark's Symbol, a Lion, on Either Side of the Head, and Saint Luke's Symbol, the Calf, and Saint John's Symbol, the Eagle, on Each Side of the Seat.

Portrait of Saint John, the Head Surrounded by an Intricate Nimbus, Showing the Saint With a Quill Pen in His Hand About to Write the Gospel Attributed to Him.

Saint Mark or Saint Luke, a Doubtful Portrait Which Cannot Be Identified as a Representation of One or the Other. The Curly Flaxen Hair and Stiff Beard Are Notable as an Artist's Error, Also the Misplaced Ears on the Figure.

THE BOOK OF KELLS is the finest example in existence of ancient Irish illuminated art. It is a manuscript of the Four Gospels of the Bible and may have been begun by Saint Columba in the Fifth Century. The actual date of the book is lost in antiquity although scholars believe that it was finished early in the Eighth Century.

This priceless treasure, lost for centuries, is now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. The book consists of elaborate hand-colored plates, gold-wrought initials and borders and a finely lettered text. In its present state the book contains 339 leaves of thick vellum worked on by hand by the monks of Kells Monastery, County Meath, from which the book got its name.

After 500 years of service in the monastery the monks decided to rebind the book in a solid gold cover studded with precious gems. Shortly after, it was stolen and stripped of its cover and several of the gold-encrusted plates. It was recovered but seized again by Henry VIII. It was returned to Trinity College in 1661 where it has been ever since.

Recently, permission was given by the college officials and the Irish Free State to Dr. John Carroll Broderick of California to publish, for the first time, a duplicate of the book. Dr. Broderick, a noted architect and artist, will attempt to make an exact facsimile of the book by hand, using inks and colors like those of a thousand years ago. He will also restore the lost pages and complete other gaps in the book, using as a guide early Latin texts.

The book will be examined by ultra-violet and infra-red light to determine traces of earlier writing on the pages and disfigurations in the vellum. Early writing was sometimes erased to make way for new, because vellum was expensive and difficult to obtain.

In the Middle Ages the thick paint and gold leaf which the monks used was supposed to cure numerous ailments. The beautiful lettering and scrollwork was supposed to have been done by the hands of angels guiding the monks at their work. Ancient doctors would scrape the pages of manuscripts, make a brew of the colors and feed the concoction to their patients. It was supposed to be a sort of cure-all, the faith of the recipient doing the rest.

There is also supposed to be a curse on the book, invoked at the time it was stolen. The monks believed that no one would ever live long enough to make a complete copy of the book. Dr. Broderick hopes to disprove this, for he has only a few more pages to do before the duplicate is completed and reproduced by a special printing process in a limited edition for museums and university libraries.

Man Who Laughs At Death Still Outwitting Fate

ALBINO Calvo Nunez, known as Mexico's "cat man" because he has at least nine lives, is still around. That in itself is news, for the "man who laughs at death" has been shot sixteen times, once before a firing squad, stabbed twenty times, operated on by four different doctors, and laid out once in a morgue as dead.

As can be imagined from his durable nature, Nunez was once a sturdy young man. And, although he is now a mere patchwork of what he used to be, the great marvel is that he exists at all.

Twenty-four years ago, when he was 17 years old, Nunez got his baptism of fire during the time of the military dictatorship of General Victoriano Huerta. He had been conscripted by force to fight against General Francisco Villa, then the Northern leader of the Carranza "Constitutionalist" movement.

But, like many another patriot, Nunez deserted the Huerta army and joined up with the Carranza forces. His capture following a battle was the beginning of his long courtship with violent death.

With scores of others he faced the Huerta firing squad and fell at the volley, critically wounded. He was unconscious when the lieutenant commanding the squad passed among the fallen men with his revolver, firing the "coup de grace" or mercy bullet into the men's heads.

Possibly he had groaned just then—at any rate, Nunez was not spared even the extra bullet that was drilled into his head. Then the Huerta army moved on.

It was hours before some mule-drivers passed along the road at whose edge the soldiers were shot. They heard a man groaning in that stretch of roadside littered with corpses. The voice belonged to Nunez.

The "coup de grace" had passed through his right cheek, splintering the bone, but without entering the skull cavity.

The muleteers took the half-conscious Nunez to their peasant hut, and there treated him with herbs and other native remedies until at last he was well again.

Wearing death's feather in his cap, Nunez found no trouble finding a job in 1919 on the Mexico City police force, as a detective. It was on recommendation from General Celestino Gasco that he was given the job, for his miraculous escape from the firing squad made his name a

Not Only Was Nunez "Executed" Along With the Rest of the Patriots But, Because He Moaned, an Extra Mercy Bullet Was Fired Into His Head. Yet He Recovered, to Have Many Other Spectacular Escapes from Death.

byword. The soldiers jokingly said that he was the proof that even a firing squad couldn't kill a real patriot.

Soon after he entered the police force there was a robbery in the offices of a daily newspaper named "El Democrata." Nunez, assigned to the case, located the suspects but was stabbed while making his arrest. That put him out of commission for a month while he was patched up in the Juarez hospital. He had hardly been discharged from the ward when he was accosted in the night and stabbed three times by an unidentified assailant.

More or less repaired, he returned to his post with the police. For several years his life was peaceful, but it was too good to last. Sent to the suburb of Tacuba to arrest a military officer wanted for a criminal offense, he walked straight into a barrage.

Unsuspectingly, Nunez had approached the man with military courtesy, but the officer emptied his service revolver into Nunez' abdomen. Writhing on the ground, Nunez pulled his own gun and shot the officer, then reloaded his pistol and killed him.

The two "corpses" were rushed, in a siren-screaming White Cross ambulance which neighbors had summoned, to Mexico City.

But the ambulance crashed into another vehicle near the Tlaxpana bridge. An ambulance attendant and the doctor in charge were killed. The chauffeur was severely injured, and Nunez had his wounds supplemented by a fracture at the base of his skull.

The next ambulance that picked up the victims of the crash really took Nunez as a corpse. It was as a "stiff" that he was placed in the morgue, and a tag of identification was tied around his right big toe. His "widow" was notified by friends, and a coffin was bought and delivered at the morgue to take Nunez away. The friends and relatives waited outside, and the morgue attendant went into the corpse depository to get the body.

Even the hardened morgue employe was aghast at what he found inside, and ran out screaming. The bloody "body" was walking around.

The "widow" and Nunez' friends went in to see what was wrong. All but Nunez' wife were so horrified that they could not move. She, however, realized that her husband was alive and called for help.

Again he was rushed by ambulance to a hospital, and within four months he was up and about. The doctors found it hard to explain the miraculous escape. It's all right to say the man is too tough to kill, they declared, but some things just aren't natural.

But other doctors attributed his recovery to the fact that the temperature of the morgue delayed the development of peritonitis and aided Nunez in returning to consciousness more rapidly.

He should have caught pneumonia or something like that, though, they insisted.

The morgue incident seemed to have been the last straw. But today Nunez is back in the Juarez hospital, with 14 stab wounds inflicted by a vicious criminal in the State of Mexico. He is on the road to recovery, again laughing at death.

Sticks By The Man Who Killed Her Husband, Because He's Kind

LIKE Bath-Sheba, the Biblical wife who was made a widow by the scheming David who wanted her, Mrs. Charles Bosshard discovered the other day that her second husband had slain her first one and hurled him to the bottom of a well.

But, unlike the farmer woman of the Old Testament, Mrs. Bosshard was married by her second husband, in his own words, out of a feeling of obligation to her. Having killed her first husband, he believed that it was only right that he should provide for the widow and her son, it was reported.

In spite of this, and the evidence against Bosshard, the Utah ranch-woman sticks by him. She says she doesn't care, he was good to her and her son, and her first husband wasn't.

Spencer Malan, the dead man, got to be mean as a hornet and used to get drunk and abuse his wife and child, she says. Also he kept saying he would run away, until even distant neighbors to the sheep ranch near St. George knew about Malan's threat.

As a girl, Eva Schaeffer married Malan years ago—her son is 11 years old. Until the day that Malan really vanished, Eva hadn't believed him. But after he was gone she was desperate. Bitter, she had the courts give her a divorce.

In her time of need she found a staunch friend in Bosshard, a neighboring sheep rancher who helped her out. In the end, she married him. Often in the past three years she has thanked her stars that her second husband was so good to her and her son. He shared in their lives as Malan never had done, and was only considerate where Malan used to be unkind. To the boy, Bosshard was anything but a hard boss and hardly made the conventional picture of a stepfather. It was the boy's real father who used to be abusive.

When Mrs. Bosshard Was Told That She Was Married to the Man Who Killed Her First Husband, She Did Not Turn Against Him But Remained Grateful to Him, Because He Was So Much More Gallant Than the Man He Replaced.

But there began to be rumors among neighbors though nobody knows where they began, and Sheriff Anton B. Prince won't tell how he came to hear of them. It was said that maybe Malan hadn't gone away of his own free will.

Maybe Bosshard had violated two of the commandments, had coveted his neighbor's wife and to get her had killed his neighbor, it was whispered. That's what people were saying, and at last it got to the Sheriff, who questioned Bosshard. To his surprise, the sheep herder confessed everything and gave himself up.

It all went back to a party on March 17, 1935. The place was at the Bosshard ranch, where the party wound up after a dance and a drinking bout. The cast of characters was small. There was Malan, his wife, and his wife's brother as well as Bosshard.

Bosshard, according to the testimony of George Schaeffer, went out to get his horse in order to get to his sheep camp. Malan followed him and there was a fight.

Not jealousy but just an unreasonable drunken quarrel was the cause of it, according to Eva's brother. Schaeffer explains that when his brother-in-law Malan was drunk he often went into unaccountable rages. "Pretty soon Bosshard asked me to come out," the brother testified. It turned out that in self-defense, Bosshard had hit Malan on the head with an iron pipe.

"I guess I've killed him, I don't know," said Bosshard then, according to Schaeffer's confession. Schaeffer said that they'd better tell the sheriff—but they didn't. Instead, "we loaded the body in my car and put it in a well." There, in a 150-foot hole, Malan's skeleton was found by the sheriff's men when they started to dig recently.

Bosshard and Schaeffer managed to convince Malan's unaware widow that her husband ran away, and she got a divorce. It wasn't as if it came as an unexpected shock—Malan had promised to desert her so often.

But when the confession came, and the skeleton of her dead husband was recovered, she didn't go to see it. Instead, she marched off to her second husband who was in jail. All that she knows is that the alleged killer was a "kind" man, and she is grateful.

She says she'd rather be the wife of Bosshard than of the man who was killed. Besides, "Charlie had atoned for it by being good to me," she said. "He has done everything possible to make life easy for me and the boy. We've had some trying times, but we've lived together happily. Spencer was mean to me and to the boy, too. He would go on drinking sprees and abuse us."

That's why she went to jail to console Bosshard, even though he's to go on trial. "I'll stick by you, Charlie, right to the end," she declared.

"It doesn't matter."

As for the sheriff, he only worked on the principle that where there's smoke there's possibly fire, and if there was gossip about the vanishing of Malan, it might have a basis in fact. Schaeffer declared that he, for one, "didn't talk, and would like to know who did." He is sure that Bosshard didn't do the talking, yet nobody else was supposed to be in on it.

Possibly Schaeffer doesn't believe that "murder will out" in spite of all the secrecy in the world. Certainly the circumstances were favorable for the crime having been perfect—there were no neighbors for miles, and Malan's frequently stated threat of desertion made it a perfect setup. Then why did the truth leak out?

It may be that Schaeffer and Bosshard were too anxious to make it clear that Malan ran away—maybe they mentioned it to neighbors so often that suspicions were awakened. But there are those who say it all goes to prove that gossip always *smells* things out that are under cover. They insist that gossip is the conscience of a community, and that it instinctively expresses the secret wishes or actions of those it concerns. In this case gossip may have gotten the motive wrong, but it certainly hit home to the crime.

Gifts Turned No-Noise Scheme Into A Riot

ADAM A. BRETCH, 76, of Sheraden, a Pittsburgh suburb, decided to take the Bible's advice to cast bread on the waters recently. The constant roller-skating of children back and forth in front of his house was telling on his nerves. To end this peaceably, he went out and bought all the children bicycles, shiny contraptions with headlights and all the latest gadgets.

But it only inspired what sounded like the rest of the children of Pittsburgh to storm his home like the plague of locusts on Egypt. Bretch had driven out the demons of noise with the bicycles, but the Biblical parable might have warned him, that when one demon is ousted, he tries to come back with seven others worse than himself.

Finally the bicycle-giver had to go to Juvenile Court to get his long-sought peace and quiet. Alderman Thomas Whalen helped in obtaining peace from the grating of roller skates, the rattling of strings of tin cans in front of his house and even the shouting at his doors. Bretch is still sorry about it all, sorry he had to take the matter to court, sorry that children may get arrested—all because he was too nice.

Bretch told the judge, "The kids who didn't get bikes come from all around and skate and make noise. I can't stop them. So I have to appeal to you." It was hardly a case of the children biting the hand that fed them; those who were given the bikes tried to defend their benefactor from the other invading children. One of them, black-haired little John Peightel, an 8-year-old crusader for quiet, shook his head sadly. "The kids who didn't get bikes got sore," he explained. "They came from all around. They skate and see how much noise they can make. Then they yell at Bretch that they want bikes, too. I just can't get them to stop."

He pointed to a tall lad skating past the Bretch home. "He's the worst of them all. He comes and skates and skates. He's too big for me to stop. Mr. Bretch is a nice man and I think the kids ought to be more kind to him. Maybe we won't like noise when we get old."

Upset by the entire affair, Bretch has found some consolation in the letters which he has received from all parts

The Youngsters Who Got Bikes from Mr. Bretch Played Fair With Him, But Others Who Didn't Skated Past His Front Door and Made More Noise Than Ever. In Spite of His Gifts He Had to Appeal to the Courts.

of the country; the letters are, for the most part, kindly and friendly ones, praising him for his fight.

"Those children I gave the bicycles to are pretty fine kids," he says. "so are most of the other children. I just don't know what's got into them." He smiled as three lads on bright new bicycles rode past the house. They yelled a greeting to him.

He said, "They are trying to keep the other children from skating past my house. But they don't seem to be able to do it. The other night I asked the police to stop a whole mob of the kids banging around outside my door and they just told me I didn't own the pavement. But I got Alderman Whalen and he sent some policemen to help me. I just can't understand it.

"Why, I always gave the kids cake and candy when they went by my house on the way home from school. And I gave the girls little aprons so they could help their mothers wash the dishes. I don't know what's got into the kids. I wish the noise didn't upset me so; didn't used to." But now he can stop the noise legally on advice the judge gave him.

"I'd like to own a bicycle factory," he continued. "But if I started giving out bicycles, the more I gave away the more they would want. I guess that's the way it is with kids and with people. If you're nice to one the other gets jealous. Then you're in an awful fix."

But Bretch's fight on the roller-skating started something bigger. Pittsburgh officials took up his fight to stop noise. Before his attempt to play Santa Claus, the public in his city accepted noise as a necessary evil. Yet doctors say that hearing is endangered by constant bedlam, that it weakens concentration, throws strain on the nervous system and leads to neurasthenic diseases, and interferes materially in the healing power of sleep. It is also said to increase crime and accident.

To diagnose the noise "diseases" which prevailed, a 150-pound "noise thermometer" was sent through the streets. A fashionable residential section was found to be noisier than a boiler factory by actual decibel count, a decibel being the standard unit of sound measurement. Noise above 70 decibels is harmful, above 85 damaging.

In front of Bretch's house the needle shuddered mightily as a group of children skated like a thundering herd past the home. It hit 83—a policeman's whistle sent the needle to 120. A pneumatic drill sent the indicator to 111. A steam shovel measured 99; a passing train 97. The rumble of a street car was 94. The sound of riveting was found to be nearly ten billion times as intense as the noise that is created when a pin drops. Inside an office building, the noise averages 50 decibels; with the windows open it is 69. An auto horn is 103.

Said Health Director I. Rope Alexander of this: "The steadily increasing noise is like a disease. It is definitely a health problem which should not be dealt with lightly. Nothing good can be said about noise; it has never accomplished a thing for humanity."

Shocked by such revelations as this—all brought to light because of Bretch's drive on the skaters—Pittsburgh officials started to do what they could to see that anti-noise laws both old and new are enforced. They are also trying to eliminate sounds which were never thought of before as a menace to health.

Why Druggists Must Be Handwriting Experts

EVER SINCE physicians first began writing, prescriptions have been as unintelligible as hieroglyphics to the average layman. Many a patient going to the drug-store with one of those slips of paper whose scrawls resemble the meanderings of a drunken hen, has marvelled at the skill of the pharmacist who translates it in terms of drugs, herbs and medicinal compounds.

What the patient does not know, however, is that some of the prescriptions written by physicians are so illegible that the pharmacist, although a handwriting expert from long practice, must necessarily get in touch with the doctor so that there will be no possibility of an error.

Many a pharmacist who tells a patient to "drop back in an hour and I'll have this ready for you," does so, not because the prescription takes a long time to fill, but because it is necessary to phone the doctor to verify what he has written. There are scores of drugs, compounds and proprietary medicines which have names and formulas which are similar to one another and unless the pharmacist makes a careful check on a prescription which is not clearly written, he is apt to make a mistake.

In the United States, this doesn't worry the physician, however, for the pharmacist who fills the prescription which he writes automatically becomes his official worrier and assumes the responsibility for errors.

When a physician goes to bed in Russia or any of the Scandinavian countries, he may not only be disturbed from his hard-earned rest by a patient in need of his services but by a police official demanding to know why one medicine instead of another was prescribed. The physician is held strictly responsible for the error made and is liable to severe punishment.

In the United States, the reverse is true and it is the pharmacist who is held.

"One reason for this is the difference in training of pharmacists here and abroad," says Dr. J. Leon Lascoff, one of America's leading prescription specialists and member of many pharmaceutical boards and societies.

Dr. Lascoff, who recently won the Remington award of the American Pharmaceutical Association for distinguished service in 1937, points out that abroad pharmacists are often trained only in chemistry while in the United States they are also drilled intensively in the *filling* of prescriptions. In fact, some American colleges of pharmacy have regular drug-stores as a part of their equipment.

"In most professions initiative is encouraged," he says. "But the contrary is true as applied to pharmacists. The student pharmacist is constantly told to fill a prescription exactly as it is written. He must not anticipate a physician and supply what he thinks is meant. If there is the least doubt in his mind he gets in touch with the physician immediately."

Of course, every once in a while a doctor becomes a bit testy at having his handwriting challenged and is apt to say: "Why the devil don't you learn to read?" when the pharmacist calls him to the phone. In cases of this sort the pharmacist is as diplomatic as possible. Some have succeeded so well that there are physicians with notoriously poor handwriting who now type out their prescriptions on a typewriter, spelling out the words instead of using symbols.

Second to American pharmacists, Scottish chemists are said to be the best decoders of illegible handwriting of physicians. Recently, however, one was fined $5 for using ferrous sulphate instead of quinine sulphate in making up a prescription.

When he produced the prescription in court, authorities agreed that it was written in such a scrawl that the mistake might have been made by anyone but the fine was imposed because the chemist had not consulted with the physician.

Lord Provost Watt of Aberdeen stated for the defense that he could see no reason why a doctor should not write down in a legible manner what he wished prescribed and said that illegible handwriting by doctors should not be accepted as inevitable.

But although medicinal science has made great strides during the past decade, the handwriting of doctors, in the majority of cases, remains as poor as it has been for centuries, and there seems little chance that pharmacists and chemists will be able to give up their roles as official worriers in the near future.

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Mme. Lupescu's Dozen Red-Headed Doubles

Six Counterparts of King Carol's Famous Sweetheart Fooled Her Political Enemies, But She Needed 12 to Confuse the Ambitious Lady With Whom Her Princely Brother-in-Law, Nicholas, Found Romance in a Delicatessen

BUCHAREST.

BANG! As Madame Lupescu's charming and well-known face appeared above the garden wall of her villa, near the Royal Palace, an ungallant man pointed a pistol at it and fired. Fortunately the bullet merely clipped a lock of the celebrity's red hair.

Indignantly the petticoat power behind Roumania's throne reported the outrage to the young gentleman who occupies it. His eyes flashing in royal dudgeon, King Carol vowed by his sceptre that he would have a regiment of soldiers guard the villa, but Magda shook her shrewd red head. Well then, he would give her a motorcycle police escort or a squad of secret service men, with hands ever on their hip pockets.

But again the Roumanian woman disapproved. Such conspicuous precautions were all right for queens or even wives of presidents, but would be embarrassing to her Madga, though King's sweetheart Number One and Chief Backseat Driver of the Realm, is no queen nor supposed to have any official status.

Instead of Carol's old-fashioned ideas, Mme. Lupescu devised something new and fantastic in the way of bodyguards. At first she went about assembling six women who not only resembled her in face and figure, but also had hair as flaming as her own.

This was difficult and took lots of time, but after these six doubles had been enlisted there remained the additional problem of clothing them with wardrobes exactly like those of the King's favorite. That meant that every time she bought a new bonnet or a new fur coat, six duplicates had to be purchased out of the royal budget and supplied the extra ladies, with a schedule directing them when and where to appear in the exact counterfeits of Mme. Lupescu's raiment.

Lady bodyguards hitherto had been seen only on the stage where they never looked very dangerous but Magda's did not carry any weapons, not even the conventional chorus girl's spear. But these women proved a perfect defense against assassins and kidnapers.

The very perfection of the scheme is also its weak point. One secret of Madame Lupescu's surprisingly long control of King Carol is that he happens to be one of those men fascinated by a certain type. His legal spouse, the former Princess Helene of Greece, unfortunately, was not that type, but Magda is.

The sudden appearance of six women, all precisely the type which fascinates him, is an unnatural strain which Nature never meant to have thrown on any man, even the sternest moralist, and it is said to have had a sadly demoralizing effect on this easy-going monarch. Numerous occasions arose when the King is said to have mistaken a double for Magda in the darkened corridors of the palace or villa, with results quite embarrassing to the No. 1 Redhead. According to back-stairs gossip at the palace, Magda notified His Majesty that if he made just one more such mistake of identity, she would fire her doubles and take her chances on bombs, bullets and poison.

When Magda originally suggested her scheme Carol said it was visionary, because a billion lei and a million years would not produce a dozen doubles. He knew what he was talking about, because he had vainly tried to find just one passably good imitation of himself for use as a decoy for bomb tossers.

Ambitious Mme. Dimitrescu, Bride of Prince Nicholas, Who, Magda Suspects, Takes Enough Time Off From Her Delicatessen Shop to Plot Against Her.

The sweetheart then explained to her King that male doubles are so much harder to find than female copies, because the male impersonator must really look like the man he impersonates. With women it is different. All a double needs is about the same figure, general contour of face and color of eyes—the rest is mostly art and science, as applied by the beautician.

By plucking and pencilling the eyebrows, blackening the eyelashes, dying the hair, coiffing it, powdering the face, painting the lips all in exactly the same manner, and crowning the result with identical bonnets at identical angles, a woman's double can fool most anyone except in a moving picture close-up, which would not be necessary in this situation. Unfortunately, custom prevents men's faces being standardized that way.

Magda then confided that she had foreseen this possibility and already provided herself with half a dozen doubles, ready to come to Bucharest on receipt of a telegram, and she was sure she could get another six in short order.

The Fascist organization known as the Iron Guard, a power in Roumania and hostile to Magda, is said to have been the first to meet defeat by Magda's red-headed guard. Palace spies often reported when Madame Lupescu was visiting the King, but this information was of little value because she usually returned to her villa with a heavy armed guard. However, it was also known that sometimes after a tiff with the King, she would "go away mad," without waiting for any guard at all, supposedly to make His Majesty worry about her. Now if the conspirators could only catch her on one of those impulsive flights, there would be good cause for royal worry.

And one evening it happened. The spy flashed a signal that Lupescu was on her way out without any escort at all. By prearranged plan two cars rolled slowly past the palace toward the villa. The occupants saw a woman, answering in every detail, except that they could not see her face, the description and pictures they had of Roumania's unofficial queen. The first car managed to stop in front of the villa just as the woman started to enter. Two men from it got a good look at her and said:

"It is indeed the Lupescu woman."

"I am not Madame Lupescu," she answered, backing away, only to be seized and thrown into the second car. The kidnapers paid no attention to the woman's statement that she was a Russian, employed as a domestic in the Lupescu villa. But in the morning when two of the kidnapers called cautiously on their chief, expecting to be complimented and to hear that the Government was crazy with anxiety, the chief roared at them:

"Idiots! Blindmen! Sons of baboons! You have kidnaped a servant. Madame Lupescu has just notified the police that her maid is missing."

The captive was promptly released.

This and several other similar instances proved beyond doubt the effectiveness of Lupescu's singular method of protecting herself, and all went well until the recent political upheavals in Roumania out of which King Carol emerged eventually as dictator. The intrigue and changes leading up to this developed one stage wherein the unpopularity of Mme. Lupescu was intensified and added more enemies to those who already were seeking ways of getting rid of her, but Mme. Lupescu met the situation cleverly.

When her troubles doubled, she doubled her doubles. In addition to the original six women whose life work was to impersonate her, she hired six more, bringing her red-headed league up to an even dozen. And this cost the King just twice as much in salaries, wardrobes and cosmetics, not to mention traveling expenses, cab fares, hotel bills and extra boudoirs, but the effect was to confuse utterly the agents of Mme. Lupescu's enemies who lurked in the shadows of her villa and in the palace grounds ready to fire bullets at her or hurl bombs.

On a number of occasions when would-be assassins were ready to shoot at what they thought was Mme. Lupescu outlined in one of the palace windows, they were bewildered suddenly to see half a dozen duplicate forms and faces at other windows. This resulted in the assassins dispiritedly calling it a day and going home to report failure.

At intervals when Roumania became too hot for La Lupescu, word was sent out that she was fleeing to Poland, but instead two of her doubles made their way to the frontier and were captured, only to be released later. Then the undercover agents reported that Lupescu was really headed for London and a trap was set at one of the railroad stations, and sure enough at midnight a coach rolled up and out of it stepped a red-headed woman. But just as the spies of Lupescu's enemies were about to seize her, along came another coach and out of it stepped three red-headed women—and not one of them was Lupescu.

During all the confusion which she had deliberately set in motion Lupescu put on a black wig and calmly rolled beyond the frontier in a cheap motorcar and then made her way to Paris.

Another time a spy sent word that Magda would surely visit a certain large jewelry store at 2 that afternoon. What with traffic, broad daylight and other difficulties, kidnaping was out of the question, so the plan had to be plain assassination. At the appointed hour an elegantly dressed man, except that he had a bulge over one hip, was looking at a tray of diamonds, but casting side glances at the door.

Presently in came a woman exactly like the pictures he had studied and the person whom he had been shown in the flesh, though at a considerable distance. As if to remove any possible doubt, the manager of the store advanced, bowing and scraping as if to somebody as important as royalty. As the killer waited for his victim to move into a position where he could not miss, he heard a warning signal from his confederates outside.

Glancing at the door he was astounded to behold another Madame Lupescu, a perfect carbon copy of the first and just entering. While hesitating whether to attempt killing both, his jaw dropped at the vision of still a third, right at her heels. Like a man who has seen a ghost, the dressed-up French Apache stumbled out the door, almost knocking down a fourth Madame Lupescu. It is said that the entire band of assassins got very drunk and then resigned as one man. It was most discouraging.

Some believe that it is not the Iron Guard behind all these machinations, but another woman, Madame Nicholas Brana, wife of Prince Nicholas, Carol's brother, who took the name of Brana when he renounced his title to marry the lovely divorcee, born a Dimitrescu and once married to the wealthy Saveano. After her divorce she took the name of Elena Saveano Dimitrescu. When she married Nicholas they opened a delicatessen shop in Bucharest, but no evidence has ever been made public against either. The reason they suspect the fair hand behind the delicatessen counter is because what La Lupescu did to La Dimitrescu would be motive for murder even outside the hot-headed Balkans.

Before Magda went to work on Elena Dimitrescu, the positions of these two women were exactly the reverse of their present ones. Elena was the sweetheart of the most important man in Roumania. In those days, Prince Nicholas was reigning as Regent, until such time as Carol's son, the boy King Michael, should come of age. Carol had abdicated and was leading a playboy life in Paris, with Magda.

But Nicholas is no longer Regent and the most important man in Roumania. He has been stripped of all his titles, booted out of the royal family and divorced from the royal treasury. Now he is just plain M. Nicholas Brana, obliged to work for a living and to spoon out just as big a smear of polato salad for three lei, as does any other delicatessen dealer.

The original placid state of things might have gone on indefinitely, but lofty ambition entered the heart of one sweetheart which roused the other to action.

Magda was reliably informed that

(Continued on Page 21)

Prince Nicholas, Who Has Lost All His Titles But Not His Ambition to Elevate His Bride to a Place of Power Surpassing That of Mme. Lupescu.

It Was Very Puzzling To Any Hopeful Assassin of Mme. Lupescu To Creep Around the Palace, Point His Gun At What He Thought Was the King's Sweetheart and Then Have His Companion Point Out a Whole Dozen Replicas of the Same Lady—What To Do!

Of Course, This Was Not Precisely the Scene, But It Holds the True Spirit of This Astonishing Strategy.

Red-Headed Magda, Called "Back Seat Driver" of the Roumanian Government, Who Probably Owes Her Life to the Protection Given Her by Her Read-Headed Doubles.

Playful King Carol, Now a Dictator, Who, It Is Said, Sometimes Himself Was Fooled by Magda's Doubles.

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Modern Gun Girls Who Shoot For Fun

Miss Marian Jones, of Apache Junction, Arizona, Goes the Gun Girls of the Days of the Wild and Woolly West One Better by Banging Away at a Target While Sighting in a Small Mirror. She Is a Crack Shot and Can Show Many a Man in Her Neighborhood How to Handle a "Shooting Iron."

CRACK! Crack! Another redskin bit the dust. With a fiendish snarl of hate, Cactus Ike, the scourge of the desert, raised his trusty shooting iron and...whoa! Cyclone! Somehow that doesn't go with the accompanying pictures of attractive sharpshooters even though they were taken in Apache Junction, Arizona, known far and wide for the shootingest he-men in the old Southwest.

But while many a cowpuncher still cuts his eye teeth on a six gun, he probably is no quicker on the draw or more accurate with his trigger finger than are Marian Jones, Phylis Curtiss and other young women in their 'teens who live in Arizona.

Marian is so accurate with a rifle that, at thirty paces, she can put more holes in a visiting card than a hungry tramp can in a free meal ticket. In fact, she's reached the point where ordinary shooting doesn't interest her any more and, like another expert shot of an earlier generation—Annie Oakley—she goes in for the trick stuff with mirrors.

Phylis is as adept with a revolver as Marian is with the rifle and she doesn't shut her eyes when the gun goes off either. She, too, goes in for trick shooting and the picture at the right was taken just as she was making a particularly difficult shot and had her eye on the target. The photographer, incidentally, had his eye on Phylis.

Of course neither Marian nor Phylis are wearing the sombreros, boots, chaps and spurs that one usually associates with the men and women of the great open spaces, but Arizona is warm and sunny and what one wears around Apache Junction, like one's name, is one's own business, and hasn't anything to do with marksmanship.

When Marian gave an exhibition of her skill with the rifle at a rodeo, recently, her marksmanship was compared with that of Daniel Boone and others of an earlier era, and shooting enthusiasts argued long and loudly over a very interesting point.

The heavy rifles and home-made bullets used by the pioneer sharpshooters put a premium on the shooter's ability, some of the sportsmen claimed. The marksman had to be good enough to overcome the handicap of his own weapon.

With modern, scientifically accurate rifles and standard ammunition riflemen do not have this handicap. Thus, while they may not be quite as skilful as Daniel Boone and other pioneers, with modern equipment they probably could shoot as well.

The only way to have the argument decided was to bring out an old rifle and home-made ammunition and let Marian shoot with it. She was willing to make the test and someone produced an old buffalo gun.

Marian raised it to her shoulder, took careful aim and fired. The gun went off with a roar and the recoil kicked her slim shoulder with the power of a mule. While the shoulder was turning black and blue, watchers shouted gleefully that she had scored a perfect bull's eye, putting the skeptics to rout.

One oldtimer, watching the proceedings, remarked, "I remember some of the gun-girls of the old days but I like the new crop better."

Another Arizona Gun Girl, Miss Phyllis Curtiss, Is an Expert With the Revolver and Has Scored Many a Bull's-Eye From This Upside-Down Position.

Queer Swiss "Bogey Men" That Go A-Courting

KIPPEL, Switzerland.

SOME girls receive poems and sonnets from their amorous swains. Others get such material tribute as boxes of candy and sable coats. But when a young woman who lives in the remote little valley of the Loeschtal sees a grotesque apparition such as shown in the accompanying pictures, peering at her through the window, she knows that she is being wooed in the traditional manner.

According to local legend, the Loeschtal valley, which is in the southwest corner of Switzerland and cut off by high mountains, was for many years the headquarters of a ruthless and organized gang of robbers.

When they would suddenly pop out from behind huge boulders and confront their victims, the highwaymen all would be wearing hideous wooden masks and goatskins which inspired such fear that they encountered little resistance.

About the middle of the 17th century, decent folks got tired of all these goings-on, organized a posse and wiped out the robbers for all time. Many of them brought home the highwaymen's wooden masks, or Tschaeggaetaen, as they are called, as trophies of the chase.

The Tschaeggaetaen appealed strongly to the young men of the villages who wore them and burlesqued the deeds of the dead robbers.

They had so much fun doing so, that the costumes became a regular part of the Hallowe'en-day festivities and it became the tradition for unmarried young men to wear them and go a-courting, once a year, when they called at the homes of marriageable maids.

These Ugly False Faces Are Worn by the Single Young Men of Switzerland's Loeschtal Valley, on Their Yearly Visits to the Homes of Marriageable Maidens. The Custom Dates Back to the 17th Century.

Made Little Angels of the English Schoolgirls

WEMBLEY, England.

EARLY risers weren't quite sure whether Judgment Day had come and they were already in heaven, or if their eyes were merely playing tricks on them the other day, when they encountered a group of little angels—winged but harpless—walking hand-in-hand down the road.

It wasn't until later in the day that they discovered that the "angels" were young students of the Durham School who had been given parts in a motion picture of the Nativity which was being filmed in a local studio for use in all the Middlesex schools.

The little girls had put on their costumes at home and then discovered that they couldn't board the school bus without crushing their wings. Rather than take off their costumes, they walked all the way to the studio, singing as they went and creating quite a stir in the community.

The Citizens of Wembley, England, Got a Sort of Preview of Heaven When These Schoolgirls Walked Through the Streets on Their Way to a Movie Studio to Play the Roles of Little Angels.

"Miracle" Worked by the Wind

SINJ, Dalmatia.

NEVER again will young Nikola Rovich, a fisherman, neglect a local custom as a result of an almost uncanny experience which recently happened to him.

Until the other day, a crudely hewn wooden cross towered over the humble monuments in the local graveyard, a shrine erected long ago by devout peasant fishermen. For nearly three decades it has been their custom to pray there before sailing for the fishing banks. To neglect to do so, they said, was to tempt fate.

Rising late one morning, after attending a village dance, Nikola noticed that all the others had left for the fishing banks. To save time he skipped the prayer.

Three hours later the wind freshened and a heavy sea buffeted the little boat. As Nikola sprang to take in sail, his staunch little craft was struck a terrific blow which nearly swamped him. Then a large section of timber was hurled to the deck.

Examining it, the terror-stricken fisherman saw that it was part of the heavy cross, which had been picked up by the wind and carried nearly fifteen miles out to sea.

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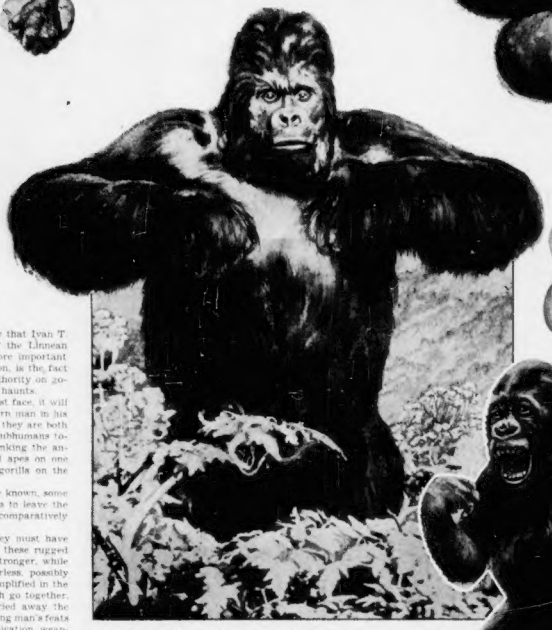
The Gorilla an Actual Brother of Man?

Not an Ape at All But a Backslider From Direct Human, or Possibly Subhuman Stock, Thinks Explorer Sanderson, and Tells Why He and the Tribes in Gorilla Land Are Convinced of It

The French Sculptor Fremiet's Famous Statue, "Abduction by a Gorilla," Embodying a Tradition of African Natives That These Manlike Monsters Sometimes Carry Away Women From the Villages.



"Man-Beef" the Natives of Assumbo in the Gorilla Country Call the Great Brute, Says Explorer Sanderson, and This Stuffed Gorilla at the American Museum of Natural History Shows Extraordinary Human Characteristics.

Comparative Photographs of the Right Hands of a Gorilla and a Man—the Resemblance Is Astonishingly Close, Even to the Lines Across the Palms. The Hands of No Other Apes Have Such Similarity.

"THE GORILLA is not really one of the apes but a retrograde form of human, or at least subhuman, life."

This startling opinion, contrary to accepted scientific belief, is set forth by no less an authority that Ivan T. Sanderson, British zoologist, naturalist, Fellow of the Linnean Society and of the Royal Geographic Society. More important than his scientific honors, in this particular question, is the fact that he is also one of those rare individuals, an authority on gorillas, having actually studied them in their native haunts.

If Sanderson's theory survives the attacks it must face, it will mean that there is no "missing link" between modern man in his airplane and the hairy giant of the anthropoids for they are both to be considered as humans or to have once been subhumans together. The missing link then would be a fossil linking the ancestors of the chimpanzee and other unquestioned apes on one side, with the ancestors of modern man and the gorilla on the other.

At a time so remote that perhaps it will never be known, some urgent reason moved a number of African Samsons to leave the local Philistines on the lowlands where life was comparatively easy and take to the mountain fastnesses.

If stone-age Delilahs were sent after them, they must have failed because, according to the Sanderson theory, these rugged individuals not only grew hairier but bigger and stronger, while the men of the lowlands remained puny and hairless, possibly originating the almost universal ancient belief, exemplified in the Samson story, that hairiness and muscular strength go together.

These mountain Samsons who could have carried away the gates of a city or performed any of the Biblical strong man's feats with one hand, fell behind the plainsmen in communication, weapons and all the other tricks which can only be developed when men live together in communities, even though most of them live as slaves. Nevertheless the muscular hermits of the mountains retained many human characteristics, including the distinctly human invention of tying knots in creepers when they build a sleeping platform in the trees strong enough to hold their 700 pounds of bone and muscle.

In his fascinating African jungle book, "Animal Treasure," published by the Viking Press, New York, Sanderson relates that the idea did not originate with him but came to him from what he considers a better and older authority, the people of Assumbo. The opinion of some African savages, such as the Boiris, may not be worth asking on much of anything, but the Assumbos he had found to be the reliable type of character which made their opinion worthy of respect on any matter with which they were familiar. He writes:

"The people of Assumbo believe gorillas to be another race of men, and not an animal at all. The chimpanzee is, on the other hand, a great monkey to them and only aping man. They are an honest people and not given to imaginative story-telling, and as they probably see more gorillas and know more of their habits than does any other group of human beings in the world, I think their opinions should at least be listened to.

"They affirm that there is no case in their memory of gorillas trying to carry off women, which would be the first thing they would pretend gorillas did if they wished to confirm their statement that these apes are really men. I myself, as a zoologist, naturalist, and an ordinary sane person, am in absolute agreement with the Assumbos. Seeing these creatures in life, listening to their calls and talk and examining them both alive and dead alongside chimpanzees and men, I can only regard them and treat them as a retrograde form of human or at least subhuman life.

"They not only have hands, faces and, to a certain extent, feel like our own, but they use them in exactly the same manner as we do. Their speech contains as many different sounds and types of sounds as any human language. They have constructive ability, shown in building platforms, using sticks and sorting out objects, that is on a par with that of some adult humans.

"Furthermore, they bear strong family resemblances just like men. One family may have bright-red crests on their heads, even the very young, another may be almost entirely silvery-gray in color, and others almost jet-black. Of course there are, apart from these, certain colors that go with age, notably gray hair, as among men.

"We spent a great deal of time hunting gorillas with our friend Afa. George once actually got right among a large party, listened to them burping over their food, was bawled at by the old male and saw them beating their chests with their clenched fists.

"I inspected several of their 'nests,' which are really great platforms raised a few feet from the ground and constructed for use during the night's rest when on the move from one feeding ground to another. These were formed by bending saplings inward and placing on top of this springy mattress a mass of leafy branches, torn from the surrounding trees. Among these I counted more than two dozen complete knots, made in the creepers and saplings to hold them down. They were mostly granies,' but there were three real 'reef' knots (one of which I cut out and kept) which had undoubtedly resulted only by chance. The size of some of the branches torn and ripped to make these platforms was quite staggering and bore testimony to the terrific strength of these creatures.

Photograph of a Gorilla Hiding Along the Trail and Watching a File of Travelers; It Is the Gorilla's Curious Habit to Pop Out and Take a Big Bite Out of the Last Man in the Line, Says Explorer Sanderson.

The Gorilla Baby Goes Into a Temper Just Like a Human Child and With About the Same Expression and Gestures.

"That the male gorilla will usually attack on sight, or rather, as soon as he knows he has been seen, is an undoubted fact, at least in Assumbo. When he does so, he stands erect and gathers the branches in his arms before him to screen himself. Is there anything but a human that would do this?"

There are other tales suggesting that sometimes it is even worse when the gorilla sees human trespassers but is not seen by them. For instance, when Assumbo natives traverse gorilla territory they avoid as much as possible the usual and convenient method of marching in single file. When, as often happens, this is unavoidable, the most dangerous and unpopular position is not leader of the file but the last man.

This is because the gorillas have a quaint habit of hiding until the last man is passing when they reach out and bite a huge mouthful of muscle from his thigh, and vanish. Sanderson was shown two men who had been crippled by these bites but was told that most such victims die, presumably from blood-poisoning.

This strategy of taking just one quick nip from only the last man reveals that the gorilla has as profound an understanding of the Assumbo man as that thoughtful colored man has of his mighty neighbor, thinks Sanderson. If the gorilla should attempt to bite the leader or anyone else except the very last man he would get speared or shot by the man just behind. As it is, the gorilla gets away unscathed and, until someone devises a pair of iron pants for last men to wear, these nip-and-run tactics will continue to have as much moral effect in reducing traffic through gorilla territory as if the powerful creatures risked attacking the whole party.

Coming upon the body of a male specimen weighing between 600 and 700 pounds, that had been shot by a native hunter, the author expresses his feelings as follows:

"I shall never quite forget the emotions that this sight conjured up inside of me. I had always been taught to think of the gorilla as the very essence of savagery and terror, and now there lay this hoary old vegetarian, his immense arms folded over his great pot belly, all the fire gone from his wrinkled, black face, his soft brown eyes wide open beneath their long, straight lashes and filled with an infinite sorrow.

"Into his whole demeanor I could not help but read the tragedy of his race, driven from the plains up into the mountains countless centuries ago by more active ape-like creatures—perhaps even our own forebears, chevied hither and thither by the ever-encroaching hoardes of hairless, shouting little men, his young ones snatched by leopards, his feeding grounds restricted by farms and paths and native huntsmen.

"All around him was a changing world, against which he bellowed his defiance to the end, rushing forward to meet the bits of lead blasted at him by his puny rival. At last the Munchis came and the sad old man was lashed to two young trees and borne away by 30 staggering, chanting humans, away from the silence of the mists, away from his last, tangled stronghold; yet not quite the last of the giants and not quite unmourned."

But why did the stout fellows, ancestors of these giants, leave the more favorable plains to their feebler fellow humans or subhumans? One may easily suspect a plausible cause. It probably came about at the dawn of organization in Africa, the beginning of community life. Little organizations of a few families fought others of similar size, carefully keeping away from certain extra-husky Samsons.

But finally family enslaved family until tribes grew so powerful in numbers that no one of these Samsons could stand against them.

The weakness of the rugged individualist is that he always plays a lone hand and gets pulled down, one at a time, by the pack. Finally it became a choice of being exterminated or retreating to the mountain wilderness.

There, as outlaws but still unorganized individualists, they gained in strength and certain kinds of cunning but their mental development, as a whole, came to a stop. Only a very small side branch of the breed managed to survive in the lowland jungles.

Fascinating speculations arise regarding certain similarities of habits among gorillas and Negro natives. Everyone who has seen a gorilla is impressed by his characteristic habit of beating his breast with the same horny knuckles on which he walks when going on all fours. The gorilla has a huge chest, as round and almost as big as a barrel and when he thumps it, the great cavity of the lungs reverberates as if he were beating a drum, producing a sound that can be heard for three miles.

Is it possible that when the gorilla's ancestors took to the mountains, most everyone had a big enough chest to use as a drum but that later the human native's chest shrank until, as today, it became an inefficient noise-maker?

Anyhow, while the gorilla still beats his, the Negro has invented an artificial chest, the African tom-tom drum, which he still thumps with his knuckle, gorilla style, but is able to send his message many times farther than the biggest and mightiest chest-pounder.

Another curious thought arises about a custom still persisting in many African tribes of not burying the bodies of chiefs and other tribal dignitaries but exposing them on platforms high up in trees to be devoured by carnivorous birds.

To just such a platform the gorilla today retires to die of sickness or wounds and there the birds often devour him as they do the smaller body of the chief or witch doctor.

Magic and mysticism often carry on in their rituals customs that were once universal and useful but have been so long abandoned that the tribe itself has forgotten that it ever had such a custom.

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What We May Learn From the Next Eclipse of the Moon

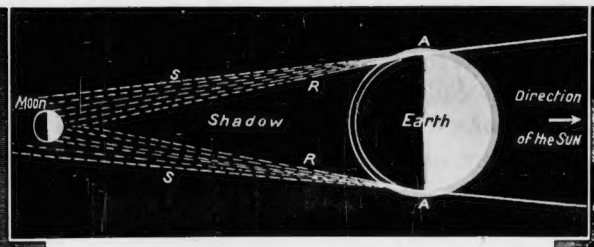
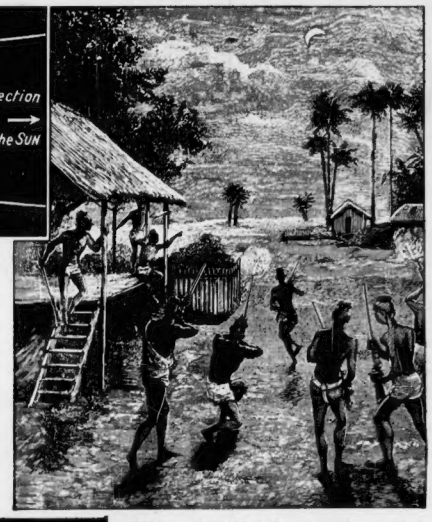


Diagram Showing the Moon Blotted Out by the Earth's Shadow. The Lines Slanting Around the Earth to the Lunar Surface Represent the Curious Leakage of Light That Turns the Moon Red, Pink or Brown, and It Is Not Certain Which Color Will Predominate on May 14.



Scientists Hoping to Discover What Truths Are Behind Old Superstitions About Its Effects on Our Behavior, Animals, Plants and Germs

Centuries Ago Tribesmen of Turkestan Believed a Dragon Was Eating the Moon When It Was in Eclipse, and Frantically Pounded on Drums and Gongs to Frighten It Away.

Madagascar Natives Firing Guns at the Moon in Partial Eclipse, Hoping to Kill the Demon That Seems to Be Eating Into the Benevolent Orb That Brightens the Jungle Night.

PEOPLE often say that something or other happens "once in a blue moon," thereby implying that it's a bright idea to make the most of anything unusual when it does happen—which is precisely what scientists all over this country are planning to do on May 14 when the bright old moon gets itself totally eclipsed by passing through the earth's shadow.

A total eclipse isn't as rare as a blue moon, of course. Nothing is so rare as that, not even a day in June, because the moon is never really blue, although in the earth's shadow it may be a rich chocolate color, or a rosy pink, or even blood-red.

But a total eclipse is rare enough to make scientists about as excited as they ever get—so for months in advance they've been making preparations for this one, hoping to discover new facts which will explain the old belief that "blood on the moon is a sign of disaster," and other ancient superstitions about the effect of the earth's satellite upon human behavior and the lives of animals and plants.

This eclipse will occur between midnight and dawn on the morning of May 14. Shortly after midnight, Eastern Standard Time, the moon, the earth and the sun will come into an almost exact line in space and the shadow of the earth will slowly cover the moon. At 3:18 a. m., according to the calculations of astronomers, the sunlight will be cut off from the moon's surface and the eclipse will be total. Nearly an hour later, at 4:09 a. m., the shadow will begin to pass away. For Central Time and Mountain Time, these times will be correspondingly earlier.

An eclipse of the moon is not at all like an eclipse of the sun, either in its causes or its appearance to observers. When the sun is totally eclipsed, it seems to turn absolutely black as the moon gets directly in front of it, only a bright, glowing ring called the corona showing outside the moon's dark disk.

But as can be seen from the diagram at the top of this page, during a lunar eclipse, the sunlight that ordinarily lights up the moon is cut off by the earth getting in the way. Yet some of this leaks around the edges of the globe and illuminates the satellite dimly, even when it is completely in the earth's shadow. This is why an eclipsed moon may look brown, pink or red, depending on atmospheric conditions.

The circular cushion of air around the earth is about six hundred miles deep and during a lunar eclipse this ring of atmosphere bends some of the sunlight inward, so that the shadow cast on the moon is not a perfectly black one. If the air around the earth happens to be extremely clear, the moon may seem to be pale pink. The presence of a lot of clouds in the places where the sunlight is bent inward give it a dark chocolate color. But should there be considerable dust in the atmosphere and not many clouds, the lunar disk may look deep red—as if there were really blood on it—just as earthly objects sometimes have a crimson hue when lighted by rays of the setting sun, passing through dust-ladened air.

In ancient times and even among primitive people today, perhaps no other natural phenomenon has aroused more superstitious fear than this appearance of blood on the moon—and, oddly enough, scientists are now beginning to realize that there may be some basis for this old superstition after all, which is one of the things they hope to learn more about on May 14.

No doubt most of the dreaded blood moons of the past were observed during eclipses, but the serene old satellite sometimes has a ruddy face under other circumstances. It can turn red any time there happens to be great quantities of smoke or dust in the air, from forest fires, for instance, or from volcanic eruptions—and both of these things might very well be serious disasters, for somebody.

So it's not unreasonable to say that a blood moon of that kind really does indicate, if not predict, that some calamity is happening somewhere. But there is even more reason for being apprehensive when the moon turns red during an eclipse, for its ruddy color on such an occasion may be caused by smoke and dust from fires and volcanic eruptions that sometimes accompany earthquakes. And scientists have recently made discoveries which indicate that there may be a direct relationship between earthquakes and eclipses, either those of the sun or the moon.

As almost everyone knows, the tides in the sea are caused by the gravitation pull of the moon. But scientists now know that the gravitation pull of the moon also causes another kind of tides in the solid earth itself.

Delicate instruments have been built to show that the whole surface of a continent bends upward and downward a trifle each day in agreement with the moon's tidal forces, just as a tidal wave rises and falls over the surface of the sea.

This was first discovered three years ago when astronomers at the Zi-Ka-Wei observatory, near Shanghai, China, and others at the national time stations in Germany and France cooperated in a careful measurement of the width of Asia, made by comparing the German and French time signals received in China with the precise times of the passages of various stars overhead.

As shown in the diagram at the bottom of this page, these astronomers then reached the remarkable conclusion that the whole continent of Asia stretches about sixty feet each month, when the moon is in one position, and then snaps back into place, somewhat like a released rubber band, when the moon is in another position, exerting less pull. The cause of this, they believe, is the tidal force of the moon, acting on the broad mass of the continent.

But during an eclipse, the moon, the earth and the sun are in a direct line. In a lunar eclipse, the sun is on one side of the earth and the moon is on the other, both tugging away at it from opposite directions. But in a solar eclipse, the moon and the sun are on the same side of the earth, doubling up their pull and exerting all of their combined gravitation force in the same direction. In either case, however, the strain on the earth is much greater than at ordinary times.

Thus, in any places where there are already severe rock strains, almost to the breaking point, this additional strain caused by an eclipse is liable to start an earthquake, perhaps a few days or a few weeks earlier than it would otherwise occur. Such an earthquake is due anyway, solely as a result of the already existing earth strains, so all the eclipse does is bring it on sooner.

For generations, farmers have believed that the moon had some effect on the growth of plants and have sowed their crops and harvested them in accordance with the phases of the moon. It was also believed that wine and vinegar should be made and bottled in strict accordance with the lunar calendar, as if the tiny yeast cells or bacteria that produce wine and vinegar were competent astronomers and knew what was going on outside their cellars, far away in the sky. Many people scoffed at these notions—but now it seems that the farmers were right. There is evidence that the moon does have some effect on plants, just as it does on animals that live in the sea.

More than 2,000 years ago the great Greek philosopher, Aristotle, wrote that sea urchins and other sea creatures vary in size and in reproductive activity between the new moon and the full moon. For centuries, scientists derided these ancient conclusions as mere superstition, but the skeptics now have to take a back seat.

Unquestionable evidence has been produced to show that fish, shellfish, seaweed and many other sea-dwellers do follow closely in their life cycles the various positions of the moon in the sky.

Two Indian scientists, Dr. Harendranath Ray and Dr. Mukunda Chakraverty, of the University of Calcutta, have even discovered that a tiny parasite in the gills of an oyster-like shellfish that lives in the streams of India breeds in exact correspondence with the cycle of the moon. The reason for this is the tides—controlled by the moon.

The rise and fall of tides are naturally of great importance to animals and plants that live in the sea, but the research of the Indian scientists shows that others living in fresh water still retain the habits of ancestors that once lived in the sea.

Perhaps the principal influence of the moon upon plants is electric. Various experiments show that small quantities of electric current flowing through the roots of plants or the surrounding soil cause them to grow faster. And M. Paul Rougerie, of the astronomical observatory at Parc Saint-Maur, has presented the French Academy of Sciences with convincing evidence that the moon has a direct effect upon currents of electricity flowing through the earth.

Additional evidence of this was discovered by Professor Harlan True Stetson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, while testing the strength of radio signals during the total eclipse of the moon in 1935. He found that the quality and intensity of radio transmission got considerably better while the moon was in the earth's shadow.

Here again the explanation seems to be tidal, but a tide in the high levels of the air instead of in the sea. From twenty to perhaps 100 miles above the earth, there are a series of well defined layers of air, known to be highly electrified. These electrified layers of air not only effect radio transmission, but also exert an influence on the magnetic and electric currents passing through the earth's surface. And experiments of Professor Stetson and M. Rougerie show that the moon creates tides in these layers of air, just as it does in the sea.

Thus, since it has been demonstrated that electric currents do effect the growth of plants, science now has a perfectly plausible explanation for the ancient belief that the moon influences growing things, as primitive people discovered by long-continued observation centuries before there was any real science.

Other folk beliefs about the moon may be explained in simpler ways—such as the belief that moonlight nights are necessary to ripen wheat and other crops in the Fall. This is probably nothing but the effect of frost, which is known to be a stimulant to quick ripening. Nights on which moonlight is strong are naturally clear ones and it is on clear nights that frost is more likely to appear.

Another ancient belief just as easily explained is the one that the sharp horns of the new moon predict clear weather. Unless the weather is extremely clear, with very little water vapor in the high air as well as in clouds or in layers of air close to the ground, the sharp points of the moon are seen dull and rounded. If these points are seen sharp and clear the weather not only will be clear but it is already clear.

In ancient times, people had many strange beliefs about eclipses. In Turkestan, for instance, it was thought that an eclipse was caused by a dragon eating up the moon, so people used to rush out with drums and gongs and frantically try to frighten the dragon away. The Iroquois Indians had a somewhat similar notion, believing that a fire demon was devouring the moon and tried to drive it away by wailing and beating their dogs, to make them howl.

To this day, in various parts of the world, many superstitious people are still terrified by eclipses. In Madagascar, the natives fire off guns to drive away the demon they believe is eating the moon during an eclipse. And among the Moslems in Turkey a lunar eclipse is considered a sign that something terrible is about to happen to their leader, so they also fire off guns and make all sorts of noises by beating on pots and pans, at the same time chanting prayers. When the shadow finally passes away, they gather in the streets and give thanks to Allah for saving the moon and their leader, once again.

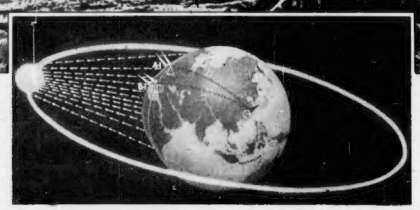


Diagram of the Moon's Orbit Showing the Normal Curvature of the Earth (Dotted Line) and Its Bulge Under the Lunar Attraction Over the North Atlantic. Two Towers Placed on the Normal Surface at A and B on Lines Centering at the Tower (C) Would Be Moved Nearly 60 Feet by the Moon's Pull to Positions at A1 and B1 and Also Pulled Farther Away From Each Other by the Expansion.

——And Above——

How the Eclipse of May 14 Would Look From the Moon, With Our Earth Blotting Out the Sunlight and Leaving Only a Colorful Glow Over the Barren Volcanic Surface.

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Hair Styles From History

"Venus's Hair"—Every Strand Lacquered in Gold and Stiffened Out Worn at a Paris Party Where Every Guest Represented a Famous Painting.

A Museum Coiffure in the Style of Louis XVI Made for Cecile Sorel, of the Comedie Francaise—of White Hair, Transparent White Material, and Feathers.

More Coiffures From That Unusual Paris Museum Which You Can Study and Adapt to Your Own Fancy

PARIS, March 19.

READERS of The American Weekly will remember a recent page recounting the successful premiere of the "hair museum" established by Antoine Cierplikowsky, the "King of Coiffures," in the French capital.

Today that novel experiment which so many skeptics smiled at tolerantly is an established success. Not only do women flock to see the historic head-dresses featured in the entire building on the Rue St. Didier dedicated to the glory of the hair, but the influence of the museum is making itself felt at the most important balls and banquets of Paris.

New adaptations of historical hair styles are being brought out all the time, and those which make a distinct success at once are displayed in the strange museum, where in turn they provoke hundreds of other women to try them out on themselves.

Take, for example, the wind-blown air of freedom that the "Venus's Hair," shown on this page, displays. Many a poet has described the girl of his dreams as a creature of the hills, running against the wind with her hair streaming behind her shoulder. This sensation of liberation from convention is provided, appropriately enough, in Allesandro Botticelli's famous "Birth of Venus." The mood is accurately caught and kept in the model shown at the Paris "house of hair." One of the more recent acquisitions, the hair of Venus preserves Botticelli's conscious worship of beauty. The entire spirit of neo-paganism is present; a defiance of convention and a dependence on classical dreams; in short, it is Venus come to life.

The classical spirit in the head-dress in question is conveyed, curiously enough, by a rigid stiffening of the hair with gold lacquer. The magnificent long tresses, in spite of their frozen and formal "construction," still carry the implication of rich freedom just as the paintings by Botticelli seem to give movement to what he transfixed in pigments on canvas.

The "Venus's Hair" is not just a decorative museum piece, however. The striking thing about Antoine's interesting salon is the fact that it is a living museum—all the hair in it has made public appearances. This particular windblown "Venus's Hair" effect was the hit of a recent ball at which every guest represented a famous painting. Most of the others seemed to have too much conventionality in them. But the gold-lacquered and flashing hair of Venus stole the show.

Or perhaps a woman wishes to show that she lives in the age of court intrigue and scandal—and then the fantastic coiffure done in the style of Louis XVI's day comes in handy. The towering creation of white hair, transparent white material, and feathers, suggests in a delicate way the skyscraper coiffures worn by Marie Antoinette and her giri friends in the days of the aristocracy.

A Renaissance Head-Dress Representing Simonea Vespuccia, After the Painting by Pollaiuolo, Made for the Princess A. Murat and a Treasure of the Museum.

This creamy-looking feminine elaboration of Nature's simple hair-plan was actually designed for and worn by Mlle. Cecile Sorel recently. Mlle. Sorel is the prominent actress who is associated with the Comedie Francaise, which is the official French theatre of Paris and the equivalent of what the Metropolitan Opera House is to Americans.

Naturally, with a rather unwieldy "feather-duster" like this to carry around on a stage it is not so possible to be very emotional or vigorous. It is more than a cap—it is a handicap just because of its frail nature. One has a feeling in watching the overstuffed head-dress that it will collapse any moment, but it never does.

The "white tower" of Mlle. Sorel goes by the name of "Fete of Versailles," and summons to mind the court music of Mozart and the stately minuet, by its downy appearance.

Another of the lacquered hair ensembles, "muss-proof and dust-proof," is the patrician Renaissance head-dress which shows Simonea Vespuccia as history knows her. A careful braiding of pearl strands and tresses produces an effect that is at once regal and balanced.

This serene and popular example of what can be done with hair when history is called in is made in imitation of the painting of Vespuccia by the Italian artist Pollaiuolo. It was designed for a living royal personage, Princess A. Murat, and worn at a fancy-dress ball arranged by Countess E. de Beaumont.

Pollaiuolo, like Botticelli, was a Florentine artist of the 15th century and his work is currently popular because he belongs to the richest and most vivid period of the Renaissance in Italy.

While the Pollaiuolo head style is more sensible than some of the creations to be seen at Antoine's galleries, by far the most popular is a head-dress designed for Clothilde Sakharoff, the ballet dancer. It is named the "Nymph Style," and was worn at a recent production of Debussy's tender "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune." The hair, lacquered red, might at first glance resemble wood-shavings curled up, ready to be set afire; but actually they are the hair of the wearer, formulated into curls, which though free as the Botticelli hair in basis, are more modern in the sense that the hair is cut short.

Like the music, for which it was originally worn, it is a creation half myth, half reality. It adapts the classical idea to a modern sophisticated expression of it. The result is an "orchestral tone poem" of the hair.

Though the effect is one of simplicity, actually a great deal of work went into this particular style. The loose curls are reinforced by pomade—a perfumed dressing. It is wreathed with young leaves and flowers, also treated with the pomade.

There are many who say that such practical and artistic modulations of the idea of painted hair may yet enable the hair dressers to make hats unnecessary—in mild weather, at least. It is not only that the thought of hiding such becoming curls under a piece of cloth strikes some as absurd modesty. There is also no longer the nuisance of hair flying about in the wind—even when it seems to do so, as in the case of the long-haired imitation of Botticelli.

Others suggest that the trouble with a replica like the streaming hair of Venus is that, in a stiff gale, it will behave like a sail and either crack in the middle or send one scurrying along the street without being able to take in "canvas." In short, they say such a clumsy creation would be getting off on the wrong tack every time. And there is also the danger, on a dance floor, of such hair sticking somebody in the eye and inviting a lawsuit. And what of the unhappy young man, who tries to stroke this elegant-looking hair and cuts himself and perhaps gets splinters of hair in his flesh?

Florentine Coiffure Worn by the Dancer Clothilde Sakharoff in the Ballet "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune." Loose Curls Reinforced by Pomade and Wreathed With Young Leaves.

Consider what would happen to the "Fete at Versailles' superstructure in a brisk breeze, say the cynics. It might well flap in the wind like the week's laundry hung on the line. It might have more than feathers then—it might have a bird's voice, and whistle in the wind.

Two historical Chinese pieces are also to be found at the museum—and these, in fact, dominate the show even though they are less likely choices for ordinary street wear. They are examples of human hair lacquered in gold, crimson, and blue. They are added to the original hair just like a hat or a crown. The natural hair of the person who wears them, however, is also retouched. It is painted black with lacquer and used to frame the forehead.

Because of the current sympathy in Paris for the Chinese Republic, these oriental head-dresses are especially popular. Examples of the Manchu period, they carry all the detail and splendor of the original models, and while not recommended for street wear, they nevertheless have a usefulness. At public functions they are almost certain to make a hit and cause envy. But for the most part they seem to be destined to be regarded as interesting examples of the triumphant uses of the wig when imagination is used. They serve as additional illustration, if any were needed, that one preoccupation of women through all the ages remains the same. That is "setting the hair" so that the attention of men will be caught by it.

The problem of what American women are going to do about these historical and even hysterical versions of coiffure remains to be seen. To date the popularity of the extravagant ornaments has been largely restricted to the European continent; but there is no real reason why the exotic models should not be popular with American "party girls" who are looking for methods of making the hair stay in place in spite of any unusual excitement.

Two Historical Chinese Coiffures at the Museum—Human Hair Lacquered in Gold, Crimson and Blue.

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Genius D'Annunzio's Disappointing Death

One Method of Suicide D'Annunzio Had Contemplated Was Being Blown to Bits From a Cannon on His Famous Land Battleship.

After Planning to Embalm Himself in a Glacier, Blow Himself Up With a Battleship, Smother Himself With Poisonous Rose Petals or Vanish Mysteriously by a "Chemical Apotheosis," He Dies the Most Peaceful Death Imaginable

D'Annunzio, the Conqueror of Fiume—His Favorite Photograph.

The Strange Genius at One Time Contemplated Suicide by Being Torn to Pieces by Savage Dogs. He Got the Dogs, but Gave Up the Idea After Turning Them on Actress Rubinstein One Day When She Called Upon Him—and They Only Made Friends With Her.

The Painting by the Russian Artist, Bakst, of Ida Rubinstein, Actress Sweetheart of D'Annunzio, in the Role of St. Sebastian.

ROME, March 18.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, Italy's great poet, dramatist and war hero, died exactly as most people hope to die—at a ripe age, suddenly, peacefully and in his own home. But to this most spectacular man of his time, it was the worst possible fate, the very thing he had dreaded for 20 years and meant to prevent, a major disappointment.

For anyone who had lived this man's life, that point of view was entirely logical. A major poet, a general of aviation, hero of Fiume, the apostle of Fascism, the great lover who broke the heart of Eleanora Duse, famous tragedienne, he was at all times and above all things, a dramatist. All his incredible life was the drama of a superman, achieving one astounding triumph after another.

His playwright's dramatic instinct could not endure that such a tremendous life-story should end with a commonplace death, an anticlimax. His exit from the stage of life must be a star's exit, one that would make the whole world gasp—then cheer. The great man had considered many plans for dying in an unforgettable blaze of glory but each had its difficulties.

One was to be blown to atoms by a shell from the turret gun of the Italian warship which decorated the lawn of his villa at Lake Garda. This required cooperation and nobody would oblige the celebrity because it would be murder.

When it looked as if England and Italy might come to blows over Ethiopia, he put in an application to blow up an English battleship. The idea was to pack an airplane with explosive and then in a power dive crash down on its deck destroying plane, battleship and poet, in one gorgeous explosion.

D'Annunzio was old, had lost one eye, but he had been an aviator and still had the driving energy of a superman and probably could have gotten away with it. Also his good friend Mussolini could hardly have refused the favor but that war did not happen to come off.

He had thought of jumping into the crater of Vesuvius or Stromboli but that departure was spoiled by the knowledge that thousands of insignificant Japanese have been jumping down volcanoes for ages.

For a while he fancied the idea of smothering himself under bushels of rose petals which had been treated with a poisonous scent. This was to have been done in a small bed chamber of his villa, named for some reason: "The room of the leper—the cell of pure dreams." He lost interest in the method after someone said he thought it an effeminate way to die. It appeared a young Parisian grisette had done the same thing a few months before.

When he callously tossed aside Duse and Ida Rubinstein, the French actress, as soon as he tired of them, D'Annunzio is said to have held high hopes that one or the other of these emotional ladies would murder him in an adequately melodramatic manner. But Duse simply died of a broken heart and when Ida called to suggest that they might continue as platonic friends, he was so disgusted that he sicked the dogs on her. But instead of chasing her, they made friends at once, so he gave that idea up.

His most ambitious scheme was to embalm himself in the ice of a glacier. This proposition involved having an aviator locate the source of one of Greenland's glaciers. Having found it he was to have brought D'Annunzio there and let him jump out with a parachute. Upon landing, all the poet had to do was sit down and freeze to death in a dignified pose.

His body would then become part of the slow-moving glacier and perhaps a century later come out at the other end, preserved in the grip of an iceberg. Even if his body should never be found, the whole world would be looking for it and talking about it. Apparently he had cooperation troubles again, no aviator caring to be a party to a suicide, even an exalted one.

Of late he leaned toward a somewhat simpler form of exit. Listening idly one day to some moving picture technicians he was struck by the expression:

"A chemical dissolve."

The words gave him an inspiration. With the great advances of modern science, why couldn't he be dissolved chemically—a chemical apotheosis?

A few months ago he wrote a friend that he was in possession of an acid that would dissolve every part of the human body, bones, hair, teeth and all, yet not injure a porcelain bath tub. He would get into his acid bath and soon all that would be left of one of the world's greatest men would be a little sediment at the bottom.

The only thing he needed was a reliable, close-mouthed person, like his friend, to come in after a while, pull the stopper of the tub and wash out all traces of the acid with fresh water. He would leave a letter, intimating that he was about to ascend into the Elysian Fields of the old Pagan world, while still in the flesh. The mystery exit would keep the world guessing for all eternity and historical novelists would keep rewriting his life, every time they thought of a new explanation. This acid dissolution, idealized as all things are in the mind of a poet, was described to another friend in the following prophesy:

"I shall die in a manner that will make the whole world wonder... I shall change into a sweet vapor and mingle with the universe. I shall be volatilized into infinite molecules. I shall never rot in a common grave. Can you imagine Gabriele D'Annunzio buried with hired mourners and feathers on the hearse? Trust me, I shall die in an interesting manner."

To just "go out like a lamp, leaving only a bad smell," was a fitting end for most people but not for a genius of the first water, like this man.

Birthdays were always days of gloom to D'Annunzio, and in another 11 days he would have reached his seventy-fifth. Many believed that he fully intended to celebrate this one by putting into effect one of his exit schemes.

But blundering fate could not wait and wrote the most commonplace finish to the most extraordinary career of modern times. A cerebral hemorrhage killed the man who had defied death so many times on land, sea and in the air, doing it so quickly and gently that he did not even drop the quill pen with which he was writing, nor blot the page. Probably he did not even realize that the dreaded anticlimax had happened.

Old man death, stage manager, rang down the curtain of D'Annunzio's life-drama at a moment when not an eye of his world-wide audience was on the 74-year-old star.

Few things annoyed D'Annunzio more than to read in the papers of some quiet unimportant person, who after a life of insignificance, managed to get his name printed all over the world by committing suicide in a sensational manner.

"What right have these morons, these inconsequential persons, to steal the death halo that belongs only to heroes?" he would angrily demand. "The papers should not grant publicity to such a death unless a man's life deserves it."

The great man was unjust in calling all those spectacular suicides the work of morons, nor were the perpetrators all crazy, though he might have been nearer right had he said that they suffered from an inferiority complex, impelling them to die in a grandiose manner.

It is said that D'Annunzio thought favorably of asking all the world to listen to him on the radio and then let everyone hear him shoot himself. But Alexander Wirken beat him to the idea, early in 1937. He was reading poems over the air at the Russian broadcasting propaganda station at Simferapol in the Crimea.

He was heard to say: "The next you hear is specially for you who have deceived me but are doubtless listening right now. This is the last time you will hear my voice."

The sound of a pistol shot then went over the air of Russia and several Southeastern countries of Europe. Wirken had blown out his brains and thereby spoiled the plan for the greatest of all living poets.

Women had stolen a march on him in using another modern invention, his own pet airplane. Elizabeth and Jane Du Bois, two American sisters, opened the door of a passenger plane in England and, holding hands, jumped. The instinct of holding to something as they hurtled downward was so strong that the shock of striking the ground and even death itself did not break the clasp.

D'Annunzio, of course, could not imitate a couple of women by an airplane jump. Neither could he mysteriously fly off to sea and never be heard from again because another American woman had beaten him to that too, Louise Turck Stanton. When her husband, Gordon Stanton, was killed in an automobile accident, the widow got into her plane at Jacksonville, Florida, flew out to sea and vanished. She left this note:

"I'm just going out into space to find out what it's all about, and if there isn't anything—that's O. K., too."

The quickest, and therefore easiest, death is supposed to be by electricity, but this was not the exit for the great poet and dramatist because, right in his own Italy, an electrician of the Orcina Power Co., at Trieste had gotten world-wide publicity by winding a wire around himself and his sweetheart and tossing the other end over a high-tension power line.

Another Italian who worried the poet by committing suicide under such ghastly circumstances that D'Annunzio grudgingly admitted it savored of genius, was Matthew Lovatt, a shoemaker of Venice. People in the street were dumbfounded to see a half naked man, nailed to a cross, plunge out a two-story window and hang dangling over their heads. As soon as they could recover from the shock, they ran upstairs, broke in the door of Lovatt's flat and with much difficulty pulled him and the cross into the room.

He was removed from the cross but died after explaining that he knew that suicide was forbidden but hoped that it might be forgiven if he died in the same way the Savior died. In the teachings of the Church there is nothing to warrant such a notion, but what impressed D'Annunzio was the mechanical ingenuity by which the man, after nailing himself to the wood, was able to release the weights and springs which projected him out the window.

Doctors have access to morphine and other drugs by which they can kill themselves painlessly and poisons, like cyanide, which are at least quick. Yet Dr. J. Bodnar, of Stefan Tisza University, Debrecen, Hungary, cites the case of a medical student who was interested enough in the symptoms of mustard gas poisoning to swallow a tablespoonful in its concentrated form of an oily-looking fluid. The poet could not use poison gas after that suicide.

Beside that an ancient Roman lady had acquired undying fame by swallowing red-hot coals.

There would be no novelty in killing himself before a great assemblage of people because another of those annoying Russians, Nina Axenova, a young medical student, tied herself to her best friend and then jumped from the highest balcony of the Moscow Grand Opera House into the crowded pit, dragging her friend to death with her.

Two other Americans annoyed D'Annunzio by their spectacular deaths. Dr. Hugh A. Powell, a dentist of Denver, Colorado, who could have killed himself painlessly by nitrous oxide (laughing gas), preferred to die by slow strangulation and rigged a mirror so he could watch his own death agonies.

The other was Benjamin Natkins, one of the founders of a famous chain of orange juice stands who first swallowed a lot of bichloride of mercury tablets, then slashed his wrists and before either of these had time to take effect drowned himself in a 50 gallon cask of vinegar.

And D'Annunzio, planning to outsuicide all other suicides, procrastinated too long and died placidly, with his slippers on and in long woolen underwear. Life is often so sardonic.

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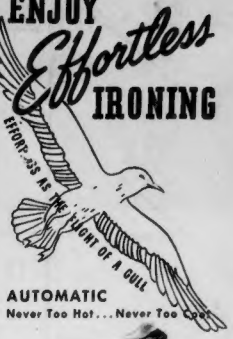

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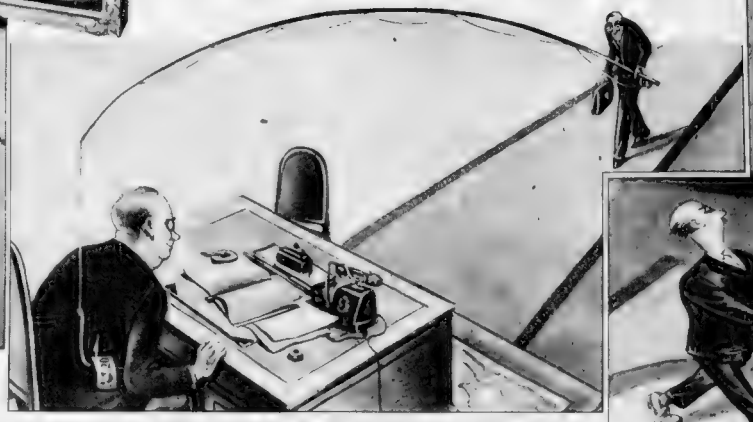
How Illusions Help and Harm

Dr. Laird Explains the Almost Universal Human Habit of Self-Deception Using Some Remarkable Recent Pictures by the German Artist Girod As Illustrations, to Show How Day Dreaming May Be Beneficial

The Man Who Pictures Himself as Having a "Camera Head" Which Sees Everything as It Really Is and So Thinks He Must Always Be Right Since the Camera Cannot Lie—By Girod.



The Salesman and the Customer"—the Salesman Sees Himself Fishing the Money Out of the Customer's Pocket, and the Customer Has the Same Illusion—This Helps One or the Other, But One Is Always Sure To Be Disappointed.

"The Conquering Hero" the Man Striding to Answer the Telephone Brags Courage From the Fantasy Picture of Himself As a Conquering Soldier

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sci.D.,
Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

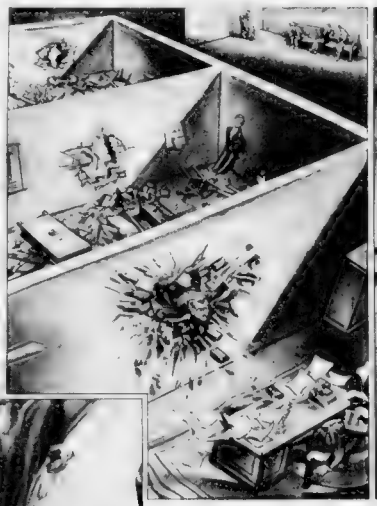
O wad some Pow'r the ...
To see oursels as ...

THIS ... Burns ... Robert Burns ... where the ... to see ourselves as we are."

May ... psychologists have ... to see ourselves ... psychology as it has come ... has proved to be a great ... that quite as much good as harm can come from our ... about ourselves.

Quite a lot of attention ... lately been paid to ... what is known as fantasy thinking or day dreaming.

Professors Harry ... Ingersoll Lord ... Psychology ... Yale University ... the ... with ... exception ... when ... Conversation ... are the ... Most ... way ... Especially ... of ... a good part ... Most ... Those ... Dreaming ... Psychology.



"At Last He Sees the Boss"—a Girod Interpretation of a Salesman's Sometimes Helpful Illusion. While in His Accompanying Picture, "The Boss Blows Up," He Demonstrates a Very Helpful Fantasy That Relieves Office Tension

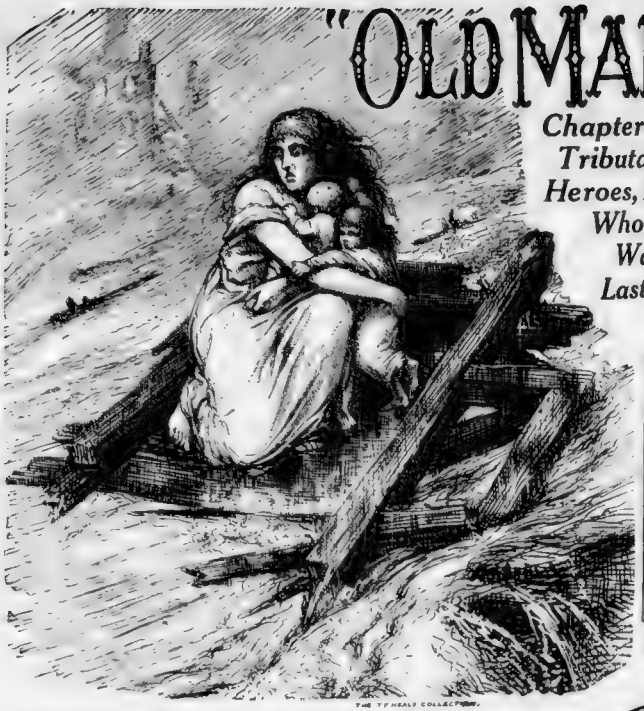
"The Waiter and Wine Bottle Shadow"—Girod's Characterization of the Hunger for Tips

"What An Overgrown Baby"—One of Woman's "Fantasy Defenses" Against Masculine Arrogance

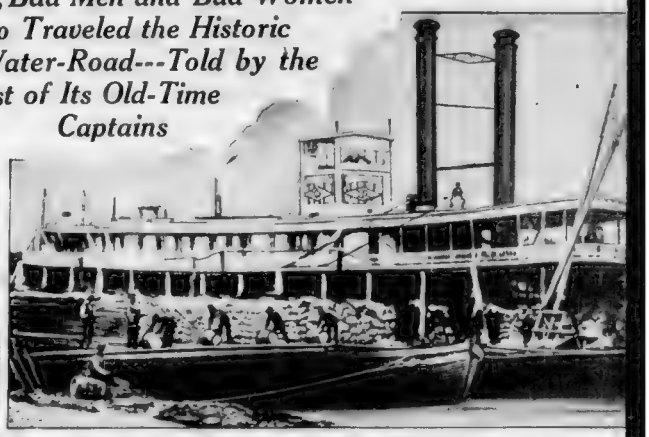
There ... exists a ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]

"OLD MAN RIVER" By Capt. Louis

Chapters From the Vanished Pageant of the Mississi Tributaries--Romantic, Tragic and Adventurous, the He Heroes, Bad Men and Bad Women Who Traveled the Historic Water-Road---Told by the Last of Its Old-Time Captains



"Help, Help!" A Tragic Scene On "Old Man River" When It Went On One of Its Rampages in 1884. The Roaring Waters of the Flood Swept the People of the Mississippi Valley Off Their Roof-Tops and Forced Them to Cling to Bits of Floating Driftwood and Lumber.



The "Arkansas," a Famous Steamboat Which Captain Rosche Piloted for Many Years and Which Was Caught in the Famous Flood of 1884 and Made Many Heroic Rescues of the Trapped Sufferers.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE,
Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboats.

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(Continued From Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XII.

ANY place a man is willing to go it appears like there's always some woman ready and willing to go along with him. I have seen men put up with hardship and risks out in the wilderness that a dog wou'dn't stand for and mostly always there was a woman taking her share of the danger and misery without a whimper. There were all kinds of men among those old pioneers, good and bad, and so it was among those frontier women.

In my early steamboat days the Indians were a pest to everybody, even the big river boats and the settler who tried to clear a home for himself never knew when a sneaking redskin would creep up and put an arrow through him or sink a tomahawk into his wife's skull. But the women went right on with their work around their little log cabin just as brave as the men.

I remember a pretty girl named Jenny who was a neighbor of mine in St. Louis, and one time while I was away on a steamboat trip she started up the Missouri River to Helena, Montana. She had read an advertisement that the pioneers who were trying to build up a busy town in Helena were in need of husky, ambitious young women to help them. This looked like a grand adventure, so Jenny started off to seek her fortune.

She had a wonderful head of golden hair that reached down to her knees and everybody spoke about it—I mention this because later on I will tell what happened to it.

A few weeks after Jenny started for Helena I was also on my way up the Missouri River. I was first mate at that time on a little stern-wheeler called the "Lecon." We landed at a woodyard on the Missouri in the North Dakota bad lands to take on some cord wood. I measured off about sixty cords and it didn't take the roustabouts long to hustle it aboard. The captain figured he would like to tie up there over-night and told the woodyard boss so. But the boss shook his head and said:

"No, no, I reckon you better not. You got some women passengers aboard and there are a thousand Sioux Indians back in those hills."

The woodyard boss said he and his outfit could stand off a raid of the redskins because they had a strong log stockade but the captain couldn't keep them off his steamboat if they swooped down on him. But our captain was pretty headstrong and he was for tying up for the night at the woodyard wharf all the same.

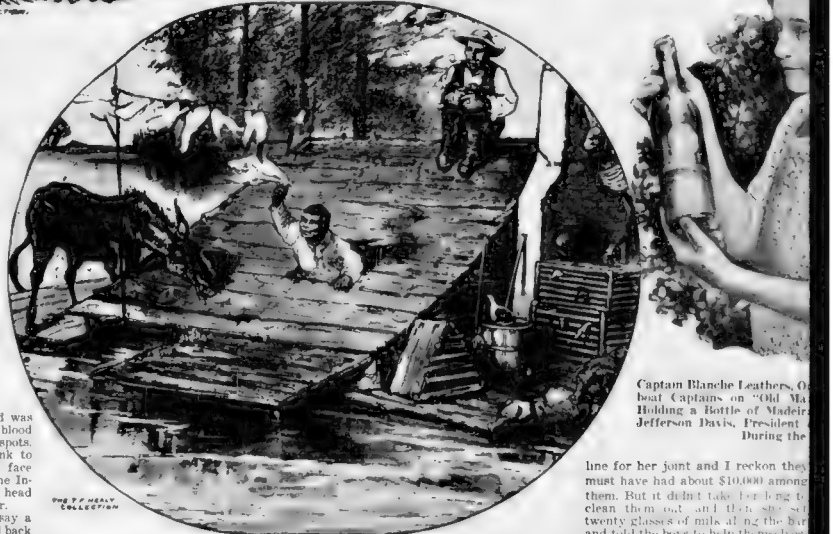
"Captain, those hills look mighty peaceful now, but if you had seen the sight like some of my men and I saw a couple of weeks ago, you wouldn't want to take any chances with those redskins. Those Sioux surprised a woodyard just like mine about twenty-five miles up the river and burned down the stockade and killed everyone of the thirty or forty men and several women. We heard about it and went up there to see if anybody was left alive. There was just one and she was more dead than alive. She was the cook for the outfit."

The woodyard boss beckoned to the captain and me and started walking toward the stockade.

"I'll show you something, captain, that I reckon may change your mind about tying up here tonight and risking your women passengers of having a visit from these painted devils."

We followed into the stockade and in a small room over in one corner a figure lay huddled on a bunk. It was a woman and the whole top of her head was bandaged up and the blood had soaked through in spots. I leaned over the bunk to look at the woman's face and—it was Jenny. The Indians had scalped that head of beautiful golden hair.

The captain didn't say a word, but as we walked back to the landing and he saw most of his women passengers sitting peaceful around on deck he knew the woodyard boss was right. He gave the order to cast off the lines and we pulled out into the middle of the river and anchored that night.



"Holding Down the Fort"—A Humorous Incident in the Arkansas River Flood of 1882, Showing a Farmer and His Negro Helper and Some of His Livestock Marooned and Waiting for a Rescue Party to Fish Them Out of the Water That Surrounds the Cabin.

In my day there were all kinds of women traveling up and down the river. I used to run a steamboat up the Missouri to Omaha when they were building the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and I recollect one time I counted fifteen tough joints near the waterfront. They were saloons, dance halls and gambling joints all in one. The women who hung out in them and had rooms upstairs were the kind you'd find in any frontier town out in the Wild West at that time and they got along right well by trimming the railroad workers out of their wages. They looked like a bunch of old battleaxes to me, but the workers way out there mostly hadn't seen any other women in a long time, and I reckon they thought they were regular beauties.

Then there were the women who made a living trimming the wood choppers who worked in the woodyards in the bad lands of North Dakota and Montana and supplied the steamboats with fuel. Those wood choppers were about as tough a lot as ever I saw, tough as the buckskin jackets they wore. They lived a hard life in a wild country and they could lick their weight in wildcats any day. Sometimes they would be way up in that wilderness for six months or a year before they could get down to a town and when they did they sure cut loose.

I remember one time when I was the first mate of the steamer Lecon we picked up about twenty woodcutters at a little woodyard in Montana and took them up the river sixty or seventy miles to Fort Benton. They had about ten months' wages saved up and they hadn't had any chance to spend a cent all that time.

Soon as they went ashore at Fort Benton they headed straight off for a joint that was run by Madame Mustache, who was one of the strangest women ever I saw. They called her that because she had a coal black mustache, just like a man's. She always toted a pistol slung around her waist, but outside of that and her mustache she didn't look a bit like a man. She had smooth white skin and fine black hair and instead of wearing pants like a lot of the women out West in those days, she always had on a dress with a heap of frills on it.

She was a straight-shooter, too, in more ways than one. I never heard anybody tell about her using her gun, but they said she could plug a hole through a nickel with it at about twenty yards. Then she was a straight-shooter with everybody that came to her gambling joint. She'd play any game and cover any bet, and if she lost she'd pay up without letting out a squawk. But if she won she wanted her money right on the table, then and there, and she wouldn't put up with any stalling around.

She had a bar in her joint, of course, but there weren't any regular girls there. She was mostly always the only woman on the place. When a man had lost his last penny, as they mostly did, Madame Mustache would set him up to a glass of milk on the house. Nobody ever knew why she did that. Maybe she was sorry for them and figured a glass of milk was the best thing to carry them over until they could get their next meal, and then again she might have figured that anybody who would lose all his money gambling was the kind that ought to be living on a milk diet.

Well, those twenty wood choppers made a beeline for her joint and I reckon they must have had about $10,000 among them. But it didn't take her long to clean them out and then she set twenty glasses of milk along the bar and told the boys to help themselves.

There wasn't anything they could do after that but go back to chopping wood for another six months or so, but what had them stumped at first was how to get back. After a while they came down to the boat and put it up to the captain. They said if he'd take them back they'd load his boat up with wood until she was just about ready to go down, and it wouldn't cost him a red cent. So he took them up on it and got about 140 cords of wood out of the deal.

Madame Mustache used to have everything pretty much her own way in Fort Benton. Another time when the Lecon was tied up there the steamer Omaha headed in to the landing but nobody went ashore. Pretty soon we found out that smallpox had broken out on board. The news spread like wildfire and before long the whole settlement was on a rampage. Most everybody in that town was a heavy drinker and I don't know whether there's anything to it but they used to figure that a heavy drinker was more liable to get smallpox than anybody else.

Pretty soon Madame Mustache and the sheriff came stomping down to the landing, both of them with guns in their hands. But it was the woman who did the talking and she did it straight from the shoulder.

"You get the hell out of here with that boat," she said, "and you do it pronto. I ain't going to let no smallpox spoil my business."

That boat pulled out quick.

When I knew Madame Mustache she was just starting in on what turned out to be quite a lively career. She came from New Orleans and anybody who talked with her could see that she was French—a one hundred per cent Creole and not bad looking except for those hairs on her lip. She was kind of touchy about that mustache and it was just as well not to keep your eyes on it when you were

Captain Blanche Leathers, O boat Captains on "Old Ma Holding a Bottle of Madeir Jefferson Davis, President During the

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"Pretty soon Madame Mustache and the sheriff came stomping down to the landing, both of them with guns in their hands. But it was the woman who did the talking and she did it straight from the shoulder.
"'You get the hell out of here with that boat,' she said, 'and you do it pronto. I ain't going to let no smallpox spoil my business.'"

e of the Few Women Steam- River," as She Is Today, Wine Presented to Her by f the Confederate States Civil War.

Captain Blanche Leathers in Her Youth When She Was a Full-Fledged Steamboat Captain. (And on the Right), Captain Boling Leathers, Husband of Captain Blanche Leathers and Son of the Captain of the "Natchez," One of the Fastest Steamboats on the River, and Loser of the Famous Race with the "Robert E. Lee."

aking with her, and no- body dared to call her Madame Mustache to her face.

How she learned to handle a six-gun I never heard but she was quick with it and nobody took any chances stirring her up.

She was a square gambler and behaved herself when she opened her place at Fort Benton. Whatever she did she had to be the boss, and so it was in her joint on the Missouri River when I knew her and other places she ran later on. As cow towns and mining camps opened up further and further west along the trail Madame Mustache moved her gambling place from town to town. She got tougher as the years went on and after awhile had a few bawdy women to play sweet with gamblers that had made good winnings off the green tables. In this way Madame Mustache gathered in the money the losers passed over to her at the games and the girls upstairs got the money the winners had taken away from the tables downstairs, and that, of course, mostly all went to Madame Mustache, too.

A mate was supposed to be polite and obliging to the women passengers, and jolly them along so they would come back and ride on his boat again. And, naturally, a mate had to watch out about the kind of language he used when there were women aboard. But I remember one time I slipped up and almost got into serious trouble.

It was in the Spring of the year and we were making the run between St. Louis and Kansas City on the Missouri River. We had a big shipment of freight aboard and we were about four hours behind time. I came on watch at midnight and just before handing the boat over to me and turning in for the night Captain Keith told me not to pick up another pound of freight, no matter what it was.

We were plowing on up the river at a lively clip, making up lost time, when I heard a shout from Napoleon landing and saw a lantern light swinging around, giving us the signal to pick up passengers. A steamboat captain could pretty well afford to turn down freight whenever he wanted to without making people get sore at him, but not passengers. It was mighty poor business to pass up passengers, any time, because it might be somebody that amounted to something, or maybe somebody that needed to get to a doctor quick as they could.

So we pulled up at Napoleon landing, and I came down the gangplank snorting and fuming at everybody. Right away the landing agent ran up to me and told me to cut out that kind of talk

In the lantern light, I caught sight of the passenger we'd stopped to pick up. She was a young girl, and about the prettiest girl ever I saw. There was a girls' seminary up on the hill, so I figured she must be a school girl on her way to Kansas City for a holiday, and I wanted to kick myself for letting her hear my rough talk.

I bowed and scraped to her and called a couple of roustabouts to tote her baggage aboard, but she didn't have any use for me and she didn't mind letting me know it. She sailed right up to me with her pretty little nose stuck up in the air

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, talking like that," she said. "I'm going to tell the captain."

Well, I figured I stood a pretty good chance of losing my job but I told her I'd introduce her to the captain as soon as he woke up. So the first thing the next morning I took her right up to him.

"Captain Keith," I said, "this is the young lady passenger that came aboard last night at Napoleon landing. She wants to meet you and she's got something she wants to tell you."

The girl looked right at me and her blue eyes snapped. Then she turned to the captain.

"I'm mighty glad to know you, Captain Keith," she said, "and I've got a favor to ask of you. I've never met anybody with manners like Mr. Rosche He's so obliging and such good company. I wonder if you would put me next to him at the dinner table."

You never can figure out what a woman's going to do

There used to be dancing mostly every night on those old steamboats Some of them had fine carpets in the main cabins and the captains would spread out tarpaulins to keep the carpets from getting worn out Somebody once told me that Captain William Tecumseh Sherman had a carpet on the steamer Great Republic that was woven for him special in Brussels all in one piece and cost him around $30,000 but that sure seems like a lot of money for a carpet.

Some mighty fine ladies used to travel on those boats But I recollect one woman all dressed up in elegant clothes who put on a lot of airs but didn't seem to be much of a lady to me, after the little set-to I had with her

I was captain of the St. Luke at the time and we were tied up at a woodyard, loading wood. I had the Negro roustabouts moving along in a line toting the wood aboard Then some of the passengers commenced killing time by throwing out coins for the roustabouts to pick up. Every time a coin would jingle across the deck all the Negroes would drop the wood they were toting and start shoving and pushing each other, trying to get the money

If that kept up I figured I'd be all day getting my wood aboard, so I asked the passengers to kindly oblige me by not throwing out any more coins. Everybody stopped right away except this woman I'm telling you about, and she said she wouldn't and what was more she would like to see me try and make her do it. Then she got her husband to give her a handful of pennies and chunked all of them out at one time. That just about made my roustabouts go crazy and I saw I had to do something right away

There wasn't any way I could handle that woman, but there are more ways than one of killing a dog besides choking it to death on butter. So I picked up a stick of wood and took my stand at one end of the line of roustabouts. Then I told my first mate to get himself a stick of wood and stand at the other end. The next time that woman threw down some coins and the roustabouts commenced to scramble for them, both my mate and I hauled off and began to cracking those Negroes over the head.

They yowled aplenty, but they sure did lose interest in picking up that money and we didn't have any more trouble getting the wood aboard after that. But the woman flung a first class tantrum. She bit into me like a wildcat and tore the shirt right off my back. And when we got to Kansas City, what did she do but trot right over to the police station and have me arrested. She told them a cock-and-bull story about how I slashed away at my roustabouts with an axe, but I got out of it quick when I told them just what I did.

The only woman I ever heard of who was captain of a large steamboat in the old days was Captain Blanche Leathers, and I understand she is still living down in New Orleans and still has a fine old bottle of Madeira wine which was given to her by Jefferson Davis the only President of the Confederacy

Her father was James Stewart Douglas, a rich cotton planter and a great friend of Mr Davis, and I reckon when she was growing up she never thought she would turn out to be a river boat captain. But when she was a young lady she made a trip down to New Orleans on the Natchez, which belonged to Captain T. P. Leathers, who lost the famous race with the Robert E. Lee that I've already told about

The captain's son young Captain Boling Leathers was helping his father out on that trip and he and Miss Douglas took to each other right away By the time she got back to her father's plantation they had made up their minds to get married, and when they set out on their honeymoon, Mr. Davis came down to the boat to see them off

"Blanche," he said, "here's a bottle of wine that came from a cellar I bought out in California. I want you to keep it till you have a son and then drink a toast to his future."

But the bottle of wine never was opened because Captain Blanche and Boling never had any children

Soon after they were married, Captain Boling took over one of his father's boats and then he started showing his wife how to handle a steamboat, just for the fun of it. At first I don't think she had any idea of ever getting to be a captain but it wasn't long before she knew as much about the river as a lot of men who had been on it most of their lives—all about currents, landmarks, shoal waters, sand-bars, and such things.

In those days there weren't any light buoys to mark the channel and a lot of times on a dark night the only way a captain could get his boat through a bad stretch was by figuring out how long it took the echo of the whistle to come back from the bank.

But from what they tell me, Mrs. Leathers didn't think that was such an exciting life, even though she was almost killed one time when an overhanging tree knocked loose the steamboat's two smokestacks and sent them crashing through the cabin roof.

Another time the boat Captain Boling was running got into a tussle with a sand-bar and sprung a leak. He landed all his passengers and most of his cargo in rowboats, with his wife helping him out, and then they tried to run the steamboat across the channel and beach it in shallow water. But they couldn't make it and the boat went down, just after Boling and Blanche shoved away in the last rowboat.

After that, Boling built himself a boat of his own and for quite a while he and his wife used to run it together. Then he began to have business

(Continued on Page 20)

"Empires of the Moon"

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History, but Which Failed Because of Some Tremendous Trifle

Dramatized From Old Records

by H. Bedford-Jones

The Historic Meeting of Cleopatra and Mark Antony at Tarsus. From the Painting by Gustave Wertheimer. According to Parton's Story, the Egyptian Queen and the Roman General Had Met and Fallen in Love 14 Years Before in Alexandria When Cleopatra Was a Young Girl and Mark Antony Was at the Head of the Roman Cavalry Which Marched on Alexandria to Put Cleopatra's Father Back on the Throne.

Bust of Cleopatra, Now in the Museo Capitolino, Rome

Mark Antony. From a Portrait Head Showing Him at the Time He Was One of the Triumvirs of Rome

"ATRIFLE makes a dream—a trifle breaks it," sang the English poet, Alice Meynell.

And buried away in the forgotten archives are many records which deal with conspiracies that almost changed the history of the world—dreams of Empires on Earth that were broken by some trifle and became only Empires of the Moon—moonshine.

The American Weekly presents on this page today the first of a series dealing with such conspiracies. They have been painstakingly and vividly dramatized from old records, documents and letters by the brilliant American novelist, H. Bedford-Jones. They are historical fact in fiction form presented as some genteel onlooker of the time might have written them.

No. 13—Dream of Youth.

THE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

3 DAYS OF SMOKING CROWDED INTO ONE

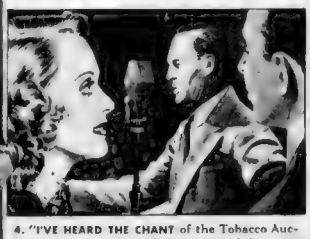
● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
BETTE DAVIS Has Smoked Luckies For 6 Years

Even After Smoking Constantly Before the Camera, BETTE DAVIS Finds the Last Lucky of the Day Easy on her Throat

1. "WHEN THE SCRIPT READS: 'Miss Davis smokes a cigarette' it often means 10 solid hours of smoking while they're making the scene," says Miss Davis. "Yet even the last Lucky of the day has always been gentle on my throat. Also . .

2. "IN 'JEZEBEL', my new Warner Bros. picture, I gave Luckies another severe test. It was the first time, you see, that I really sang on the screen. But, even between songs, not once did Luckies bother my throat in the least. It's easy to see, then, why...

3. "AT THE STUDIO LUNCH ROOM, the girl tells me Luckies lead. Among 'Lucky' fans are Charles Boyer, George Brent, Dick Powell." (Luckies lead because the "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in all tobacco.)



4. "I'VE HEARD THE CHANT of the Tobacco Auctioneer on the radio and the results of the 'vote' among tobacco experts, who voted Luckies a 2-1 favorite over any other cigarette. I certainly agree with them that Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette."

Sworn Records Show That...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST- IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

5. DEWEY HUFFINE, auctioneer, knows tobacco. He has smoked Luckies for 20 years. Most other independent experts agree with Mr. Huffine. Sworn records show that among auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—not connected with any manufacturer—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together.

BETTE DAVIS—Starring in Warner Bros. new picture "Jezebel"

Have You Heard The Chant of The Tobacco Auctioneer?

Listen to "YOUR HIT PARADE"—the 10 hit songs of the week—Saturday over CBS, 10 p. m., E. S. T.

KAY KYSER in the newest of musical programs—NBC Red Network, Wednesday Evening, 10 p. m., E. S. T.

Newest Gadgets to Curb Crime

An Ultra-Modern Weapon Against Thugs—a Tear Gas Gun That Straps Around the Leg—is Fetchingly Displayed by a Pretty Young Woman Who Knows the Thing is Loaded and Isn't Going to Pull the String.

ALMOST every week some ingenious inventor gets a patent on a new device to make life tougher for thugs on the loose and behind bars.

No longer for example, will the purse snatcher or the payroll robber find the harmless looking young miss the easy prey she has been in the past. She may be as frail as she looks and not lote a revolver in her pocketbook, but she still may have a terrific jolt concealed up her sleeve, or attached to her leg, in the form of a tear gas gun.

As shown in one of the accompanying pictures, this ultra-modern weapon is a neatly holstered affair that may be worn most inconspicuously. Since there is no noise when it is fired, and as its one shot sprays over a considerable area away from the user in the direction of the criminal, even gun-shy women are not afraid to shoot it. Its effect, which is prompt and thorough might be compared to suddenly immersing the head of the person shot in a gigantic vat of freshly peeled onions.

The ensuing weoziness makes the criminal lose all interest in his contemplated robbery, and it lasts long enough for a policeman to arrive even if the cop had been enjoying a bit of chit chat with Mrs. O'Reilly at the other end of his beat.

Suppose then, the policeman does arrive and finds that the criminal who had been brash enough to attempt to steal the payroll from demure Miss Smith and had been treated to a hot time, but lose of other gas for his trouble is none other than Terrible Terry who is wanted for several other crimes.

Good work, Miss, says the police officer as he watches Terrible Terry's tears falling like a spring shower. This is a pretty tough character we'd better not take any chances with him.

And so when the criminal again is able to take an interest in his surroundings he finds that his hands have been connected to the latest thing in handcuffs which are so looped to a stout leather belt that if he had any

Trick Handcuffs Fastened to a Stout Belt Keep Many a Crook From Trying to Run Away. A Man Can't Make Speed Unless He Can Swing His Arms.

benome and difficult to put on. With the new device shown in the accompanying picture, however, the criminal is unable to move his handcuffed hands more than a few inches.

After the thug has been bundled off to jail and the effects of the tear gas have worn off he may figure out a desperate plan to escape. When he is to be brought up in court for a hearing, for example, he has a big chance to make a bolt for freedom.

But here he has again been forestalled with a new device which is chained to his leg. He may walk along likeonery well-mannered citizen but if he should chance to bolt the lose at any any greater than a walk as would be necessary if he started to run, or kick a guard in the leg, he would kick and there he would stand on one foot like a human flamingo, the other foot would be held in the air by this lightweight version of the old ball and chain.

There are plenty of other devices carefully planned to curb crime which the criminal will also learn about before he is finally tucked away in his cell to serve his sentence. Inasmuch as he was caught red handed by some one, a demonstration of the method by which is now trying to escape, he will, however learn something about the latest means of criminal identification as he is being "mugged."

Even when the outer doors of the prison clang shut behind him there are many devices to which he will be subjected. One of these now being installed in many penal institutions is the electric eye which detects any metal on a person and will immediately ring a gong if the convict has managed to conceal a file, knife, pistol or other metal implement on his person.

Lawbreakers Don't Do Any Running Away With This Modern Leg Iron Chained in Place. If the "Iron" is Folded At a Sharp Angle It Locks.

Checking Up the Mermaid Legend

ONE of the most remarkable feats of scientific sleuthing isn't concerned with the misdeeds of a clever criminal but with an ancient myth that has persisted down through the centuries, the mermaid legend.

Many were the tales concerning mermaids which the early mariners who sailed the seven seas brought back to the credulous home folks. Most of these stories involved eye-witness accounts of some jack tar's amorous dalliance with fish.

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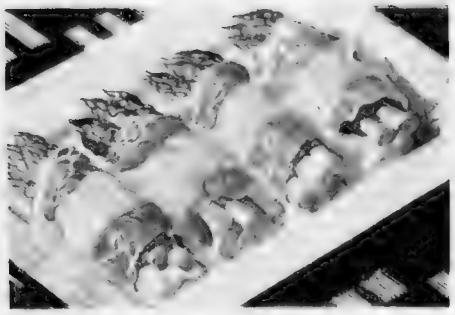
[illegible] was the center [illegible] of a strange female [illegible] Many [illegible] Columbus [illegible] was composed [illegible] personal [illegible] the [illegible] Fiji [illegible] and [illegible] when the [illegible]

[illegible] ese fossils] a sku containing a number of [illegible] teeth. From this and other fossils the scientists were able to reconstruct the animal and determine that it was between eight and twelve feet long and weighed approximately 1,000 pounds.

Now, after going over many of the ancient mariners' descriptions of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

It's "CHILD'S PLAY" to make a rich, cheese-flavored sauce with Velveeta!



Velveeta spreads, slices and toasts perfectly!

On seafoods... for marvelous main dishes

Velveeta sauce makes vegetables more enticing!

Precious food values ...richly concentrated

FREE! The new Kraft Recipe Book, "Favorite Recipes From Marye Dahnke's File." Write to the Home Economics Kitchen, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 411-C Rush Street, Chicago

KRAFT PASTEURIZED VELVEETA
KRAFT VELVEETA
DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF

EMPIRES OF THE MOON

Dramatized from Old Records
By H. Bedford-Jones

Interesting Modern Painting of Cleopatra in the Paris Salon, Showing the Historic Siren as the Artist Imagines She Prepared Herself for the Conquest of Mark Antony.

Tower on the Island of Pharos, Which Guided Ships Into the Port of Alexandria

Continued from Page 14)

and sipped on her robe. Antony followed, carelessly flicked a rose across his glowing body, got into his tunic and sandals and joined her at the top of the wide stairs.

"You're in earnest," he demanded.

"Absolutely. Everything is arranged. You arrange to the upper roof; we have a bite to eat and be alone there, under the stars. Father's giving me permission to be left with Rome's Roman making love to Cleopatra. Bah! At least the stars are real."

"You're starting your wife's career as a woman of mystery as well as a woman of the world," Antony smiled. "You're well on the way to the former, at any rate. I hate women of the East; they're all alike. I don't know."

I do so, as a fact," Jear Antony, she said softly. "I love you, for all you are for your dreams for your greatness for your sureness. But the man to whom I give myself must be a king, remember that! The man I take must be a king. Remember that! And so come along, do your talking up where it's safe."

THEY mounted to the topmost roof, a spot Cleopatra loved. Slaves had made ready for a picnic rock with soft rugs and cushions food and wine. She sent them all away and settled down on the rugs plucking at a bunch of grapes. Behind was the glowing luminosity of the Pharos light in the night sky.

A soldier is famous for its bravery," said Antony. "Is there anything we can get rid of our arms?"

"You don't seem to think it very credible," she stated.

I don't. That German savagery of mine would make a shambles of your silken city in a million the regions. We've done it already. He pause I then went on more seriously. Your father may lean to on the throne by permission of the Roman Senate."

Which growls before your great Pompey," she cut in.

"True. But Antony owes us millions he's borrowed millions from Rabirius Postumus alone, and more millions from Julius Caesar's father and Pompeius and so on. Rome is completely bankrupt; she's taxed to the limit. Egypt is rich."

Stop being a fool," Antony frowned with sudden authority. My father wants to get out of his debts and cheat you. Well, I'll promise to get you out of your debts and a few million of your money, and then you may keep Rabirius coming here from Rome. But to get here you must be on the throne of the Lagidae. Rome, be damned! Pompey, be damned! Egypt is the country with Rome's wealth is happily Lagidan then."

Antony, would to heaven! He was not a queen!"

Why be queen today?

You know why, dear. I love you as I've never loved that why."

He reached out, took her hands and drew her to him. She yielded hungrily, but only for a moment. With the feline grace of a cat, she slipped from between his hands.

A king, my Hercules, not a paramour!" she exclaimed. What's worth having is worth winning; I want a husband, not a lover."

"You know I have a wife in Italy," he said hoarsely. She shrugged and stretched out again.

Bah! Marriage is nothing to you Romans, you take a wife, divorce her with a word and try another. All of you have been married repeatedly. You're a sensual debauched, profligate nation to whom nothing is sacred. How you ever came to the surface of such a cesspool I don't know! But I love you, my Hercules. Leave your wife in Rome. You don't love her. Here in Egypt, we look at things differently. Here I'll be your legal wife. Do you want me?"

With all my heart and soul!" he cried out, and uttered a low groan. "Rome? Be damned to it. I want you for all the real of my life. I want your boys one with mine, yes, but always I want still more yours. I want your love, your help. I am at the water out there. You see how this always cool project. How they must break and falter in two seas, with only the reflection on its sides to help them. That closer and I am. You are the one person I cannot live without. I'll be the one I need. I want your sons, your life, your love. I want half the world to be."

He paused, and to his astonishment he saw that she was weeping.

Yes, she was weeping, real tears. Cleopatra, the cold, the calculating, the ambitious, was weeping like a child.

Cleopatra, what is it?

Nothing, nothing at all," she answered. Suppose we make the best of Rome, the best of Egypt. Together we can make over the world. Bring back the golden days, the old wealth and lust of the palace."

So they dreamed, these two, and got with visionary hearts and glowing words and high empire in thought and impulse, while Athena, Isis and Venus and Juno looked down, the Egyptian goddess-queen the most jealous but was almost the only one to remember that a new high priest was in the making.

Suddenly Cleopatra started, and drew away from him.

"Come, my dear, talk sense! We're facing hard facts. I must have Rabirius's reply tonight."

Rabirius. What the devil do you want to do with it?"

Everything," she replied. He at once, my Hercules, and then we'll be off to Egypt. Rabirius will be settled Pompey, and you and Egypt will be in control with Rome's wealth. We'll be happy I promise you."

Antony, would to heaven! He was not a queen!"

Why be queen today?

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No. 13—DREAM OF YOUTH—Dramatized From Old Records By H. BEDFORD-JONES

The Death of Cleopatra. From the Painting by the Famous Artist, J. Collier.

(Continued from Page 18)

in Cleopatra decisively, "on peril of your life!"

Pothinus saluted her afresh, murmured hasty assent, and withdrew. She halted him.

"Wait! Are they all drunk, down below?"

"Not in the least," he rejoined. "Your father, of course, is pretty well under, and tooting on his pipes, as usual, but nothing seems to make those accursed Romans drunk. The wilder they grow, the more they drink, the less effect wine seems to have. They're thinking only of women."

At a disgusted word from Cleopatra, he went his way.

Presently Antony returned. The orders were written and sealed. Gallus, his huge body-servant and freedman, would take them safely; the die was cast. Antony had caught a few glimpses of the orgy below, and he was in a flame of anger. Himself the very prince of riotous orgiasts, he was now turned from all that in a fiercely passionate enthusiasm for higher things. For the little princess had this effect upon those around her.

"You're like a clean breath of air after that scene," he declared as he dropped beside her. "Delicate! That's the word for you, my starlight—delicate in your dear little body, in your heart, in all you say and do. Delicate! That's one of your greatest charms. It's your exquisite quality that makes you seem unearthly, like a goddess come to Egypt——"

She yielded her lips to him happily, hungrily, wholly.

"My husband!" she murmured, in an ecstasy. "My king—you are Rome, I'm Egypt, and tomorrow the world shall know it! All the wealth of Africa and Asia in your hand, my fleets bringing wealth from India, an unending wealth past all compute pouring down the Nile each year

A Bas-Relief of Cleopatra. From the Temple of Denderah.

—with this wealth we shall remake the world, you and I——"

So sure of the morrow was she that all restraint was swept away, and beneath the cool stars and the glimmering beacon of the Pharos, the love of boy and girl made perfect union, idyllic and glorious in vision and youthful rapture that defied the world.

BUT Gallus, down below, had started on his errand.

Leaving Antony's quarters, he threaded his way across the broad terraces, where, beneath ruddy smoking torches and perfumed cressets, the feast was in full swing, chaotic and shameless. The most famed courtesans from the grove of Aphrodite had been brought in, singing girls and dancing girls were scattered about. On the triple couches were sprawled Romans and Greeks, officers and palace officials; shrieks of laughter and ecstasy lifted above the music, slaves hurried with wine and more wine.

Old Auletes, completely fuddled and with his flowered wreaths all askew, sat fingering his pipes, with an occasional yelp of delight as a symbolic dance of nymphs and satyrs tore among the couches and tables in mad confusion. Half the guests were joining in the dance, which was little more than a frenetic pursuit of the most beautiful girls to be found in the city.

Gabinius, who was very far from drunk and who did not intend to be drunk until the dawn broke in the east, caught sight of a Macedonian dancer, a young girl of such utter grace that she seemed in very truth a dryad or nymph. He plunged after her, pursued her with a rush, overturned tables and kicked aside drunken couples, finally catching up with her in a far corner.

Laughing, panting, he twined his fingers in her golden flying hair, enlaced her in his arms, then caught sight of a figure nearby and abruptly released her. Gallus was making for the stairway, and Gabinius shouted at him.

"Gallus! Come here. By Hercules, where's Antony tonight? Why isn't he here? I suppose he's mooning about with that little princess——"

Startled, the freedman turned, caught his foot in a twisted length of carpet, lost his balance and pitched forward on his hands and knees. The wax tablets escaped his grasp and skittered across the floor. Gabinius pounced on them with a howl of glee.

"Ha! Love messages from the noble Antony, eh? Let's have a look."

Frantically, Gallus tried to recover the tablets. Gabinius cursed him into silence, tore off the seals, and opened them. The laughter died from his flushed features as he read the orders here contained. Sobered instantly, he gave Gallus one swift look.

"Where is Antony?"

"On the roof," stammered the hapless freedman. "With the princess."

Gabinius turned. At his order, a number of guards hastened forward, Romans of his own bodyguard, in armor. He pointed to Gallus.

"Arrest that rascal. Two of you go to the roof, find Antony, and bring him to my room at once. If he resists, arrest him."

The guards scattered. Gabinius caught sight of the sombre Egyptian-clad figure of the chief eunuch, and beckoned him.

"Do you read Latin, Pothinos? You do? Then read this; it may interest you."

The smooth bronze features of Pothinus seemed to crawl as he read the order for his own murder. Gabinius leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"So you've been plotting, have you? And damned near caught in your own trap. Try it again, my man, and I'll crucify you at the top of the Pharos for all the world to see! Speak up, unless you want to have your tongue torn out here and now. What's the plot?"

More guards. Pothinos glanced around; he was hemmed in, helpless. With a groan, he disclosed everything—with the blame, of course, wholly upon Antony's shoulders. Gabinius had two guards arrest him, ordered two more to bring the princess along with Antony, and then plunged at a group of his officers who, oblivious to everything, were entwined with a knot of Cretan girls.

He assailed them with tongue and foot and hand until they staggered upright and saluted him.

"Aulus! Go aboard the galley that's ready to leave for Rome, have her crew aboard and be in readiness to sail in an hour. Crispus! Here's my seal. Go to the barracks and bring every available man here. Displace all the guards with our own men, take over the palace, and accept your orders from me alone."

In his own quarters, alone except for the two guards at the door, he sat grimly as Antony was brought in. On the table before him were the wax tablets, open. Antony was furious, breathing hard, storming curses, as he came forward; he saw the tablets and fell silent.

"I," said Gabinius, "am still proconsul, as you'll learn to your cost. A galley for Rome sails in an hour. You're going aboard her."

Antony burst forth in profane refusal.

"Very well, if you want to prate of patrician birth and so forth," said Gabinius, "I'll take you at your word. I'll send you aboard under arrest, with Pothinos and other witnesses to bear testimony against you, and these tablets for proof. Better think twice about it, before demanding trial at Rome! No one else knows about these tablets, about the whole affair. If you prefer to go aboard here and now, with letters to the Senate from me, you'll go honorably and I'll burn these tablets and forget the whole thing. Choose!"

Antony's eyes blazed. "Gabinius, this is your loss! I've a thousands talents ready to pay down on the nail——"

"Choose!" said Gabinius, ignoring the bribe. He had pocketed a cool million of Auletes' money that night and could afford to ignore the promise of a like sum from Antony, whom he knew to be broke. "Do you go in chains or free?"

His dreams wrecked, his vision shattered and blasted to nothing, Antony chose.

"Go aboard here and now, then," said Gabinius. "I'll have the letters ready in a few moments; they're ready now, but I'm adding a postcript recommending that you be sent to Gaul as assistant to your friend, Caesar. So good night to you."

When he was really aroused, and terrified to the bottom of his soul, Gabinius could be very Roman, a pillar of virtue incarnate. In this mood he ordered Cleopatra admitted, and so let himself in for a bad half hour.

He had considered her a child, but he found her a woman, yet a woman of such scant experience that she made one fatal error. Too proud, too enwrapt in the wreckage of all her dreams, too broken in spirit to judge her man aright, she made her frantic appeal to his cupidity and to his pity.

His pockets filled by Auletes, and with more to come, he sneered at her promises. And, before his own jeopardy, his pity began strictly at home.

"You're an astonishing child," he said, surveying her. "But Rome doesn't deal with children. If I handed you over to your father, you'd get what your sister Berenice got — a sword through the throat. That would be a pity, for you're really charming."

"Listen to me!" Tears on her cheeks, she held out her hands to him. "Don't do this thing, Gabinius! Don't send him away. You don't understand. We love each other—we love each other!"

"You'll get over it," said the cynical Roman. "Antony always gets over it very soon. Besides, there's no such thing as love, my dear. Take another of my officers, any one you like; you might even take me, at a venture, and you'll find yourself very nicely consoled for the loss——"

"Oh, you—you—you Roman!" All the scorn and hatred of her soul hurled at him in the epithet. "You beast! You won't listen to anything! Why, I could give you a thousand talents, two thousand, if you'd be reasonable!"

Gabinius grinned. "Your father, my sweet child, is paying ten thousand for his throne. Now, forget all this nonsense." He beckoned a guard. "Call two men and take her to her own apartments and place guards there until morning."

So the matter ended.

ENDED? Not quite. Pothinos, in deadly fear of crucifixion, hastily squelched all the embers of conspiracy he had blown afire. The little princess, alone and helpless, looked from the windows of her guarded apartment at the lights of the galley, in the harbor, readying to sail for Rome. Her heart-shaking sobs quieted, the tears dried on her cheeks.

A little later the guard at the back stairs was accosted by a boy, who slipped a broad golden coin into his hand. A boy, clad in the square-cut costume of the Greeks, and wearing the white Greek shoes called phaecasium. A private errand for the princess, eh? Well, there were no orders to stop the palace attendants, and gold was not seen every day by common soldiers! So, with a laugh, the guard bade the boy be on his way.

Down to the wide marble stairs, all deserted at night, which went into the water of the harbor; there the boy stood up, in the reflection of stars and palace lights, and rid himself of shoes and garments. A lovely, delicate figure like a statue of ivory or alabaster, but certainly not that of a boy. The sweetly curving limbs, the thin waist and the firm straight breasts, told otherwise. Then it plunged into the water and was gone, except for the flashes of phosphorescent light that marked its way.

Antony, standing in the high stern of the galley and straining desperate, hopeless eyes at the towering mass of the Lochias Palace, marked the faint trail of light in the water and took it for some fish, until he heard a questing, gentle voice.

"Antony! Antony! Can you hear me? Are you there, Antony?"

A breath of amazement escaped him. He knew that voice; it was distinctive of Cleopatra, a voice so alluring that it had already become famous. He leaned over the rail.

"You!" he exclaimed. "This is madness——"

"Antony! I had to say goodbye to you," she said from the water. "Everything's lost and ruined and gone, except you and me. Come back to me, Antony, come back to me some day! I'll wait for you."

The lovely floating accents drew a burst of tears from him.

"By all the gods, I'll come—I swear it, my heart!" he replied, and in that moment meant his words. "Wait for me—look out, there's a boat coming——"

She dived, she swam afar, she was gone. Antony followed the faint flashes of light back to the stairs. He could see nothing more; but he still fancied that, on those marble stairs, something white and slim appeared and moved and then vanished.

THAT was the story Parton told me.

"A lovely conception, perhaps the loveliest thing in the world—the first love of youth," he concluded, leaning back in his chair. "You know what happened, how the world intervened, as it so often does intervene! How Antony did not return, but plunged into war and politics and lust, his dream dissipated. How Cleopatra waited, until at length came Caesar, another and less noble Antony. How Caesar went his way under the daggers of conspirators and how, after fourteen years, Antony finally came, and struggled for a little while to recapture the spell of lost youth——"

His voice died. In his face I caught a flash of heart-hunger, of vain and terrible longing; he had become wrapped in his own dream, the vision of lost youth, perhaps of lost love where the world had intervened. A long breath escaped him, and, with the sigh, he came to his feet.

"Aren't you idealizing the girl?" I demanded. "Cleopatra is usually said to have been a siren who used her charms, all of them, to catch men like flies!"

"A popular fallacy," he rejoined. "Modern knowledge has proven just the opposite of her. If that messenger hadn't stubbed his toe, the actual history of the world would have been changed."

"And you'd have lost a conspiracy story," I said, laughing. But he did not laugh. Instead, he nodded to me seriously, gravely, sadly.

"Yes; the most beautiful story of all, and the most universal," he said slowly. "The dream of youth, that's rung out in all literature and all history and life. The striving for a lost empire, a lost horizon that never was on land and sea, except in the vision of youth. There's a true empire of the moon for you, Harry! When you get to be my age you'll realize the truth of it. And the uselessness of looking for it."

So he left me, on this note of futility and vanished illusion.

He went back to his hotel. He left the hotel an hour later, got into a taxicab, and has never been seen since that moment. I often wonder if somewhere in the world Parton is not still adrift, still wandering in the estates and empires of the moon, looking, looking uselessly all the night for the illusions or the love he lost with youth.

THE END.

VENICE STILL CELEBRATES ITS GREAT PLAGUE

ALTHOUGH more than three hundred years have passed since the great plague visited Venice in 1576 and spread terror and desolation, the deliverance of the beautiful city from the dread scourge is still commemorated annually in one of Italy's most picturesque festivals.

The celebration is held every year on the third Saturday in July and is called the "Festival of the Redeemer." A bridge of boats is thrown across the lagoon while the populace rejoices in singing, dancing and the carnival spirit is continued through the night with grandiose displays of fireworks.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY READER TEST COMPETITION

THE hundreds and thousands of entries received are now in the hands of the judges, each entry being given careful consideration.

No verdict has yet been reached by the judges, but when they make their final selection of the winners, the complete list of those winners will be published in The American Weekly.

Please do not write letters to the editor or to The American Weekly asking for information about the judging or about the winners. We cannot handle such inquiries individually. Full information will be published when it is ready.

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The moment you feel a cold coming on take 2 Bayer tablets. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions.

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The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will aid in reducing the fever and pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we believe, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of relief. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's—not for "aspirin" alone.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

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Wholesome Biscuit Recipes

Biscuit Foundation for Combination Dishes.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking-powder. Rub in 3 or 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening. Add about ¾ cup milk and mix just enough to hold ingredients together. Toss out on a lightly floured board and knead gently about ½ minute. Roll or pat out to desired thickness. Cut into desired shape. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 450 degrees, 10 or 12 minutes.

Biscuit Shortcake.

HAVE ready 1 cup diced cooked chicken, veal, sweetbreads, tuna fish or salmon. Have ready 1 cup diced cooked celery. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup chicken stock or milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Add the chicken and celery and cover. Let stand over hot water. Roll out biscuit dough. Shape with a doughnut-cutter. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 450 degrees, 10 or 12 minutes. Place biscuits on hot plate or serving platter, cover with chicken mixture, top with second biscuit and garnish with crisp parsley or watercress.

Biscuit Appetizers.

ROLL out biscuit dough ¼-inch thick. Cut into tiny rounds with a biscuit-cutter. Slice tiny cocktail sausages very thin. Cover a biscuit round with the sausage slices, then with another biscuit round, more sausage and another biscuit. Press together at one side. Set pressed-side-down in small muffin pans. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 450 degrees, 12 to 15 minutes.

Quick Cinnamon Rolls.

FOLLOW the recipe for quick baking-powder rolls. Roll the dough out on a lightly-floured board, spread lightly with melted butter, sprinkle with ½ cup sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon cinnamon, roll up, cut in crosswise slices like a jelly roll and bake in a hot oven or at about 375 degrees.

Quick Marmalade Tea Rolls.

FOLLOW the recipe for quick baking-powder rolls. Roll out on lightly-floured board, cut into rounds, put a teaspoonful of any favorite marmalade or jam on each, fold over and place on a greased baking sheet. Brush with milk and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees.

Hot Scotch Scones.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Work in 4 tablespoons butter or shortening. Add, if desired, ½ cup currants. Beat 1 whole egg and 1 egg yolk, add ½ cup rich milk and stir into dry ingredients. Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead about ½ minute. Roll out to ½-inch thickness. Cut into diamonds, triangles or pie-shaped pieces. Brush tops with white of egg and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, 12 to 15 minutes.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by MaryLee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Tomato Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Canned Corn Pancakes, Syrup, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Shrimp Bisque, (Fresh or Canned Shrimp), Croutons, Vegetable Salad with Sliced Eggs, Mayonnaise, Lemon Maple Rolls, Fruit Punch. *Dinner* Hungarian Soup, Paprika Meat Stew, Stuffed Potatoes, Green Vegetables, Sweet-Sour Beets, Lettuce with Green Pepper Sauce, Poppy and Coriander Seed Cakes.	*Breakfast* Grapejuice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Fruit Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Pork or Calf's Liver Loaf, Creamed Onions, Asparagus and Radish Salad, Salad Dressing, Banana Gelatin with Custard, Spiced Cup Cakes, Tea. *Dinner* *(Company)* Hot Tomato Juice, Stuffed Squash with Bread Stuffing, Glazed Sweet Potatoes, Mushrooms with Peas, Currant Jelly, Cress and Romaine Salad, Lemon Dressing, Ice-Cream, Lemon Queens.	*Breakfast* Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Graham Bread, Coffee. *Luncheon* Clam Chowder, Crackers, Green Vegetable Platter, Cheese Popovers, Apple Tarts, Coffee Substitute. *Dinner* Grapefruit and Orange Cocktail, Baked Fish with Relish Garnish, Green Beans, Spinach, Red Cabbage Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Pie.	*Breakfast* Green Apple- Sauce, Cereal, Corn-Meal Waffles with Creamed Dried Beef, Coffee. *Luncheon* New Orleans Gumbo, French Rolls, Fruit Torte, Tea. *Dinner* Tomato and Sauerkraut Cocktail, Jellied or Hot Veal Loaf, Potatoes au Gratin, Buttered Swiss Chard, Steamed Custard with Fruitby Lemon Sauce.	*Breakfast* Bananas with Strawberry Juice, Cereal, Broiled Salt Codfish or Salmon on Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Virginia Cheese Custard or Corn Pudding, Harvard Beets, Corn-Bread Sticks, Fruit Compote with Rennet Cookies, Tea. *Dinner* Old-Fashioned Black Bean Soup, Fillet of Fish with Potato Balls, Jellied Tomato Salad with Cheese, Canned Peaches, Cookies or Cup Cakes.	*Breakfast* Stewed Rhubarb, Cereal, Toasted Raisin Bread, Butter, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Emergency Soup, Vegetable Salad with Liverwurst, Apple or Lemon Muffins, One-Two-Three Dessert, Tea. *Dinner* Grilled Meat Balls, Banana Fritters, Currant Jelly, Broccoli, Stewed Corn, Caramel Rice Pudding.	*Breakfast* Sliced Pears in Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toasted Left-Over Muffins, Coffee Substitute. *Dinner* Minted Fruit Cup, Baked Ham or Shoulder, Steamed Apples, Buttered Noodles, Mixed Green Salad with Tomato Dressing, Strawberry Shortcake, Half Cups Coffee. *Supper* Oysters in Blankets, Grapefruit Salad, Corn Crisps, French Pancakes with Jelly or Cinnamon Toast.

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"OLD MAN RIVER" By Captain Louis Rosche

(Continued from Double Page)

troubles and had to leave the river to look after a mill down in New Orleans. So Mrs. Leathers stepped right in and took his place on their steamboat and from all I heard she made a good captain.

She didn't wear a uniform and always dressed like any other Southern lady, with two big diamond rings on her fingers—but she could handle a steamboat and a gang of roustabouts just about as well as any man, even though she was quiet and soft-spoken.

The last time Captain Blanche saw Jefferson Davis was some little time after she was married. She and Boling were headed up the river with one of his father's boats and one of their passengers was Mrs. Davis, who had been down to New Orleans.

As they were churning along they caught sight of the T. P. Leathers, headed down the river that was the name of the boat old Captain T. P. Leathers was running at that time. The two boats hailed each other with their whistles and then old Captain Leathers leaned over and shouted out to his son:

"Have you got Mrs. Jeff Davis aboard?"

"We have that," shouted Boling. "Any message for her?"

"Yes," replied old T. P., "but it's not good news. We're taking Jeff Davis down to New Orleans and he's mighty sick. So pull alongside, so we can take his wife aboard."

So they lashed the boats together and put over a staging and when Mrs. Davis crossed over to the T. P. Leathers, Blanche went along with her because she was mighty upset. Mr. Davis was too weak to speak but he recognized Blanche and held out his hand—and that was the last she ever saw of him. He died not long after that down in New Orleans.

I reckon everybody has heard something about the way "Old Man River" behaves when he goes on a rampage, lashing away at islands and sometimes wiping them clean out of existence; cutting channels where there never was one before and leaving the old one way behind, nothing but a slough of muddy back water, washing away levees and flooding whole towns, tearing away banks and trees and floating off houses and barns.

I've seen the time when the river spread out for miles and miles in every direction till it looked like the whole world was just one great big coffee-colored lake, with no signs of dry land anywhere. There wouldn't be anything 'cept wreckage floating by and maybe a few tree tops sticking up out of the water here and there, with bedraggled chickens and turkeys and Guinea hens roosting in the branches, looking mighty unhappy and wishing it would soon be over.

At a time like that, creatures that are natural-born enemies get along together just like they were old friends and every once in a while you'd see a big old snake wrapped around the same tree branch with some tired little birds, or maybe a fox and a rooster hanging on to the same water-logged plank. I've seen cabins floating along with nothing out of the water but the peaked roof, and a whole family hanging on to it, along with their mule, pigs and dogs and maybe a scared rabbit or two, or a mud-turtle, a 'possum or a 'coon.

A steamboat captain didn't get much enjoyment out of one of those walloping big floods—you can take my word for that. We couldn't do any regular business because there wasn't anybody to do business with and mostly all of the landings were way out of sight under the swirling, boiling current. Besides, there was a lot of rescuing for somebody to do and wherever we could we had a hand in it, picking up people off of wreckage and running up-plegs back into places that were cut off from all the dirt roads or railroads.

I remember one time when we picked up a pretty young woman and a couple of children who had a mighty close call. She lived in a two-story house a little piece below St. Louis, and when the flood came roaring down the river, her husband was away from home. It hit the place in the middle of the night, before anybody warned her, and the first thing she knew, she and the children were trapped upstairs, with the water rising higher every minute.

The house wasn't built any too stout and pretty soon it commenced shivering and groaning and twisting every which way, with all that water lashing away at it. Then the water started rising up in the second story room and she had to put the children up on a table. At last there wasn't anything for her to do but climb out on the porch roof with the children and then get them up on the roof of the house, one at a time. I don't know how she did it and she couldn't remember much about it. But when a woman is trying to save her children she can do things that pretty nearly nobody else could do.

She didn't get up there any too soon either, because in a little bit the flood cut the foundation out from the house and over it went, the roof breaking off and floating away. As it went on down the river, one scantling after another broke off and the shingles kept crumbling away, like so much dirt, till it looked like that poor woman and her children didn't have a chance in the world. When we sighted them at last and got to them they were clinging to each other on a piece of that roof that wasn't much bigger than a mattress.

I've already told about some of the stunts that were pulled by George Devol, who was about the slickest gambler ever I ran across, but here's another one about a woman who was fixing to blow one of his partners to Kingdom Come. George's buddy had cleaned her husband out of four or five hundred dollars in a card game and when she found out about it she went gunning for him with her husband's pistol.

"I'll get it back," she said, "or blow his brains out."

The other gambler ducked out on deck, and when George saw her coming with the gun in her hand he hopped behind the bar, grabbing up the bartender's pistol. Quick as a flash he took out the cartridges and then ran up to the woman who was just about frothing at the mouth.

"You're dead right, ma'am," he said. "I know that fellow who trimmed your husband and he needs shooting if ever a man did. But I don't think that pistol you got is any good. You better take mine. I'm a Government agent and I tote the best shooting irons they make."

The woman fell for it and swapped guns. Then she lit out after the other fellow and when he said he wouldn't give her back a cent, she pulled the trigger—and you should have seen her face when it didn't go off. She was fit to be tied but nobody aboard would let her have another gun and George and his partner got off at the next landing, after taking the shells from her husband's gun and asking the bartender to give it back to him.

There used to be a fellow that lived around Pass-a-l'Outre down around New Orleans that had a wife worth telling about. He was Dick Cubit and during the war General Butler threw him in jail for piloting steamboats through the blockade. Mrs. Cubit sailed right into the General one day and hung on to him until he gave in and turned Dick loose. He couldn't get shed of her any other way.

Later on Dick took a notion to set himself up as a judge and started to reading law, but his wife didn't like the scheme and the only way he ever got through his law books was by sleeping with them under his pillow so she couldn't burn them up. And I've heard old river men say about the law Dick knew was what might have seeped into his head while he was sleeping with the books under his pillow. One time an Irishman and an Englishman got into a fight down in Judge Cubit's stomping ground and somebody brought them up before him for trial. The Judge took a couple of shots of red liquor, pulled off his hat, said his court was ready to do business. When he heard what the trouble was he said he didn't give a continental for Irishmen or Englishmen either and fined them $25 each, one for winning the fight and the other for getting licked. Cubit had a couple of strapping big corn-fed daughters who used to knock down and drag out any river men who got fresh with them.

One time a fellow showed up in New Orleans who said he was a Spanish count on his way back to his home. He set out to make the trip up the river by easy stages, and kept on stopping off at first one place and then another because his health was so bad. He was always pale as a sheet and coughed a lot, and kept on telling everybody he had picked up some kind of bad fever down in Mexico.

The ladies all made a lot of fuss over him, putting pillows behind his head, nursing him, and getting him special things to eat. He kept telling about his castles in Spain, and he didn't have any trouble borrowing money from the husbands of those ladies. But one day a man who had been down in Mexico during the Mexican war got on the boat at Vicksburg and right away he pegged that count. The fellow was no more a count than I am, but was a barber who used to cut the Vicksburg man's hair down in Monterey. He had brought along some of his barber salves with him and used them to make himself up to look pale, so the ladies would go for him being so sick. But he skipped out at the next landing before the men that lent him money had a chance to get it back.

There used to be a lot of duels in the river country in the old days, and about half the time some woman was back of it. One time Judge Andrew Scott and Judge Joseph Selden were playing cards with two ladies out in Arkansas. Judge Scott's partner put her hand down and said:

"Judge Selden, we've got all the tricks that are left."

"No, ma'am," said Judge Selden, "you're wrong about that."

The lady figured he was pulling her up pretty short, so she popped her handkerchief up to her nose and commenced to sniffle.

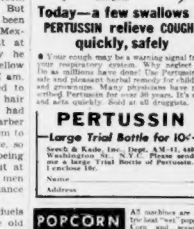
"I never thought you'd insult me like that."

"Now look here," said Judge Scott, pushing back his chair, "you've got to beg this lady's pardon for speaking to her like that."

"Why, you must be out of your head," said Judge Selden. "I haven't said anything to beg her pardon for, and you couldn't drag it out of me with a team of mules."

That might have been the end of it if people hadn't commenced to talking about it and egging the two judges on. So the first thing anybody knew Judge Scott sent Judge Selden a challenge to fight a duel. They met at daylight on the Mississippi shore, just across from Montgomery's Point, and shot it out with pistols at ten paces, and Judge Selden was killed, all because he was a little careless in the way he told a lady she didn't know what she was talking about.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday)



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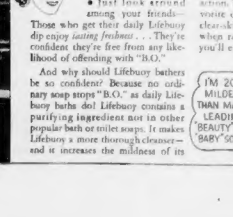

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Quinine, the Cure for Malaria, Discovered 300 Years Ago

PERU, the South American republic, recently celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of quinine to mankind as a remedy of periodic fevers, especially malaria. For it was in Peru that the medicine was discovered.

In February, 1638, the Countess Anna, wife of Don Luis, Count of Chinchon, of Lima, Peru, became ill of malaria. Her physicians could do nothing for her until an Inca Indian suggested the use of the bark of a tree and the Countess was cured. The Count immediately formed an expedition to the mouth of the Amazon River in search of the bark.

A Jesuit priest named Acuna, a member of the expedition, later wrote an account of the expedition and spread the knowledge of the curative property of the healing bark among the members of his order in Europe. In 1640 Count Chinchon took some of the bark to Spain and two years later Cardinal de Lugo toured France extolling its properties.

One hundred years later Linnaeus, the famous Swedish botanist, named the bark chinchona, after the Spanish count. The present name of quinine is derived from "quina-quina," the term the Indians of Peru and Ecuador applied to the bark.

The action of quinine as a preventative in malaria, influenza and other diseases has been definitely understood only in recent years. This knowledge followed the discovery that malaria infection is due to mosquitoes who are carriers of the disease.

Malaria was the curse of humanity since the earliest times. It is still a dreaded illness in many parts of the world and in certain sections of North and South America. The Malaria Commission of the League of Nations recently advised a dose of six grains of quinine a day during the malaria season as a preventative and three grains a day in the case of influenza. At the same time the disease is attacked at its source by steady elimination of marshes which are the chief breeding places of mosquitoes.

The world supply of quinine comes chiefly from Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, as well as from Java, where the Dutch have successfully transplanted this American plant.

Whenever and wherever a white man dares the hazards of tropical jungles today, quinine is part of his medical kit.

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Tips on Buying Salmon

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IN planning meals around Lent, the home-manager may try eggs, cheese, fish and all sea foods. And with three meals per day to consider, it's frequently difficult to ring in enough variety and not repeat the same foods. If she is lucky enough to live near a good market supply where fresh fish is carried, she may bring more change into the meals by choosing different varieties, such as cod, haddock, finnan-haddie, smelts, flounder, bluefish, mackerel, weakfish, eel, oysters, clams or whatever that region or market affords. But if such a wide market is denied her, she still has the convenience, economy and availability of canned fish.

There are many delicious packs of canned fish, from giant salmon to tiny sardine; but this week we will confine our attention to salmon.

What kind of canned salmon? Well, there is a type of pack and a size of can suitable to every cooking and table use. Let's look at them for a moment; because the successful use of any one canned food does not lie in buying just one size of can or one grade of product, week-in-and-week-out. When you purchase meats you know there is choice of rib-roast for roasting and porterhouse for broiling, and that there are thoroughly satisfactory cheaper cuts for stewing and pot-roasting.

So, too, there are grades and packs in canned salmon and other such products. Sometimes you require the most choice solid meat for salads or guest occasions. At other times, for family home use, you can buy more thriftily one of the less expensive grades. Now in salmon, which is such a giant fish that it offers wide packing possibilities, these are the more generally accepted varieties:

Chinook or King Salmon: Generally packed in flat cans at highest price. Color from red to white, rich in oil, separates into large flakes. Excellent for fancy salads, cold and delicatessen uses.

Alaska Red or Sockeye: Red meat, breaks into small flakes, firm in texture, considerable oil. Good in salads, also in hot entree dishes with vegetables.

Red or Coho: Large red flakes, but lighter than Alaska. Good for cooking as main dish.

Pink Salmon: Rich pink color, delicate texture. Useful generally for soups, entrees, salads, etc.

Keta Salmon: Lightest color and less oil. Usually the least expensive. Nutritious and good eating for all made dishes.

Iodine Salmon: Special pack retaining valuable iodine salts in greater quantity.

It need hardly be said that canned salmon is a condensed, compact, and thus hearty protein food, rich in oils and full of sea-given minerals. A traveler lost in the wilds without means of obtaining fresh food, could live better on canned salmon than on many other foods.

When opening a can of salmon, do not throw away the thin juices in the can, as these contain juices which hold the extremely important Vitamin D for strong teeth and bones. Even the little round bones of the salmon are edible, and should be utilized for the same reason. Use the juice in the dish, or add to vinegar with sliced onions and peppers for salmon salad dressings.

To flake salmon, drain, and with sharp knife remove skin. Divide or separate into large pieces. Even when using most of the can for a made or entree dish, reserve some of the choice large flakes for a top garnish. Canapes and appetizers are made from the large flakes, spread with mayonnaise, mustard, aspic, etc.

Or, place a large flake of salmon on a soda cracker, sprinkle with lemon juice and a dab of onion mayonnaise. To slice canned salmon, remove whole from the can, heat a sharp knife in boiling water, and cut horizontally with saw-like strokes.

In general, it is well to remember that all salmon is improved by a few drops of lemon juice; that it combines perfectly with beaten eggs, milk, etc., into a pudding or souffle; that spinach and green beans and beets do much to help the color contrast, and taste good with salmon; that cheese is a good mixer with salmon, and may make for it a delicious rich sauce; that both because of color and texture, salmon lends itself to small-portion serving, as in croquettes, balls, and fritters; that cold, and masked with a rich fresh mayonnaise, salmon, by many epicures, is considered to be at its best.

For the Inexpensive Family Meal:
1 Hot salmon loaf with tomato sauce, spinach and potato chips.
2 Salmon a la king, in mashed potato nests, with peas and sweet pickle relish.
3 Salmon in biscuit roll with cheese sauce and green vegetable salad.
4 Salmon and potato hash, with buttered beets.
5 Salmon patties in bacon curls, buttered carrots and peas.

For the Luncheon or Snack Meal:
1 Baked peppers stuffed with salmon and corn.
2 Salmon rarebit on hot biscuits.
3 Salmon souffle with cheese sauce.
4 Salmon, banana and grapefruit grill.
5 Salmonburgers.

For the Special Occasion:
1 Salmon nut tea rolls.
2 Salmon on tomato rounds with cheese.
3 Salmon sandwich loaf, creamed cheese frosting.
4 English salmon sandwiches.
5 Bridge-buffet of salmon mousse or salmon aspic.

For the Salad Bowl:
1 Salmon, shredded lettuce, jackstraws of Swiss cheese and celery. French dressing.
2 Salmon, cauliflower and asparagus, garnished with hard eggs. Thousand Island dressing.
3 Salmon, diced potatoes, diced celery, pickle relish, cooked dressing.
4 Salmon in French dressing and minced pimientos, served in grapefruit shell.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3740—APRON CHIC FOR HOMEMAKING AND HOSTESSING—ONE'S PLAIN AND TAILORED—THE OTHER WEARS FRILLS AND RICRAC. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch fabric for apron of one fabric; if contrast is desired, small size requires 1⅛ yards and 1¼ yards contrast.

Pattern 3636—YOU'LL LOOK REED-SLIM IN THIS FLATTERING FROCK. NOTE THE INTERESTING SLEEVES AND SIMPLE SEAMING. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3800—THIS ROMANTIC MISS IS INDEED A DAINTY CHAIR SET MOTIF: CROCHET HER IN INEXPENSIVE STRING. Pattern 3800 contains charts and directions for making the chair set; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches required.

Pattern 3811—PANELLED LINES, PUFFY SLEEVES, AND CONTRASTING COLLAR AND CUFFS DISTINGUISH THIS INVITING FROCK. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric and ½ yard contrast.

Pattern 3699—'TIS EASY FOR A SMALL GIRL TO DRESS HERSELF WHEN SHE WEARS THIS EASY-TO-DON WRAP-AROUND. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

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Mme. Lupescu's Red-Headed Doubles

Continued from Page 8)

Elena Dimitrescu was planning to marry the Regent, Madame Dimitrescu was a divorced woman of some wealth and was said to be spending it to build up Nicholas' popularity with a view to having him permanently crowned King instead of little Michael.

To marry a divorced woman would hurt his chances of getting away with that ambition, but once on the throne, the army would be with him, and Dimitrescu saw herself sitting pretty on one also. La Lupescu visualized the idea likewise and wanted to know why, if Nick could do this for his sweetheart, she couldn't make Carol do as much for her.

The answer to this seemed to come in 1930, when a plane carrying Carol landed in Bucharest. There everything had been beautifully prepared. Parliament immediately declared Carol's renunciation of the throne void and proclaimed him King. Nicholas stepped out of Regency because there was nothing else to do, and Michael was sent back to the nursery. There was some talk that Carol would have to remarry Helene, who had divorced him in 1928, but that dignified lady said it would be too much of a price to pay even to be a reigning Queen.

The two sweethearts of the royal brothers were glad to have the legitimate claimant out of the picture so they could concentrate on knocking each other out. There is always an opposition party, and La Dimitrescu is generally believed to have induced Nicholas to join and win the support of the German influence for building up the Iron Guard.

In various ways brother Nick had become such a nuisance to Carol by 1931 that when he heard of his morganatic marriage to Elena Dimitrescu he was quite willing to take Lupescu's suggestion about cracking down on that lady's ambitions. He did so by having the Tribunal of Ilfov annul the marriage.

It was now Dimitrescu's turn to drag her sweetheart away to Paris, where they made comparatively little trouble until early in 1937, when Nicholas uttered new demands that his marriage be recognized because of a daughter that had been born. The Conseil de Regence granted this on condition that he renounce all his prerogatives, including the right to be considered a member of the royal family. He did so and went into the delicatessen business to support himself.

Lupescu laughed loud and long that her rival should leap for a palace and land in a delicatessen store. But it was a somewhat hollow laugh, because La Dimitrescu had at least married one of the brothers, and also she had been able to make Lupescu so unpopular that both she and Carol know it would cost him his throne to so much as talk of marrying his red-headed friend.

La Dimitrescu may be laughing next. Things happen so fast in the Balkans that one hardly has time to work up sympathy for the under dog in any rumpus before it becomes the upper one.

It was during her last sojourn in Paris for safety that La Lupescu announced that she was going to get even with her enemies by writing a motion picture about her adventures with the King, including the employment of a dozen doubles. Magda said she would supply the script for this play to the French cinema company, and would for a nominal salary, actually take the leading role in the picture and use every one of her doubles in the story.

But Magda's foes in Budapest did not shrink at the prospect of being made the butt of her jests in this movie, nor at the prospect of having the King's favorite exhibiting herself on the screen to their embarrassment. They replied to this threat by shrugging their shoulders and observing: It probably won't be Magda in the heroine's role, it'll be probably just one of her doubles.

A Little Lemon for Flavor

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Lemon Pie.

MIX 7 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 tablespoon flour and 1⅞ cups sugar. Add 2 cups boiling water and stir constantly until well mixed. Cook over boiling water for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 4 egg yolks, grated rind of 2 lemons, 7 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons butter. Cook 10 minutes. Turn into pastry-lined pan and bake. Cover with meringue made by beating 6 egg whites until stiff, adding 12 tablespoons sugar gradually and flavoring as desired. Pile lightly on pie. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until delicately brown and firm.

Lemon Pie Crust.

MIX and sift 3 cups flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 1 cup butter or other shortening. Add 1 slightly-beaten egg mixed with 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Add just enough ice-water to hold dough together. Roll thin and place in pie pans. Bake in a very hot oven, or at about 475 degrees, for 15 minutes.

Lemon Apple with Fish.

SPRINKLE 2 tablespoons gelatin on ¼ cup cold water. Add 1½ cups hot water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and ⅓ cup lemon juice. Cool and add 1 cup flaked fish, 1 cup chopped white celery and, if desired, 1 or 2 tablespoons minced pimiento. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed with cold water. Chill. When firm, unmold on crisp lettuce. Serve with lemon tartar sauce in lemon baskets. To make the **Lemon Tartar Sauce:** Combine 1 cup lemon mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon onion juice or 1 tablespoon minced chives, and 2 tablespoons chopped sweet cucumber pickles or green relish. Add a little lemon juice to taste.

Lemon Layer Cake.

CREAM ½ cup butter, gradually add 1 cup sifted sugar and beat until smooth. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks and blend well. Mix and sift 2 cups sifted flour, ¾ teaspoon soda and ¼ teaspoon salt. To ½ cup sweet milk, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Add sifted flour alternately with milk and lemon juice to the butter mixture. Fold in 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into two buttered and floured layer cake pans and bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, 25 to 30 minutes, or until delicately browned. Put together with lemon filling and cover top and sides with lemon frosting. To make the **Lemon Filling:** Beat 2 egg yolks, add ½ cup sugar sifted with 2½ tablespoons cornstarch, blend well and add ½ cup water and ¼ cup lemon juice. Cook in double boiler 15 minutes, stirring until smooth. Add ½ tablespoon butter. Cool and spread. To make the **Lemon Frosting:** Mix 1 teaspoon white corn syrup, ⅓ cup sugar, 1 egg white, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon salt, and cook in top of double boiler over hot water 6 or 7 minutes, beating constantly with rotary beater. Remove from heat. Add a grating of lemon peel and spread.

GETTING MARRIED! SHE'S 39 IF SHE'S A DAY!
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YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HER LATELY, HAVE YOU?
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IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

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NICE "JOB" IF YOU CAN GET IT?

This Spring the wise man's fancy turns to BUICK! Get yours and enjoy the best Summer you ever had.
1938
NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES
★ NEW DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE ★ NEW TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE IN SEALED CHASSIS ★ NEW QUIET ZONE BODY MOUNTING ★ ANOLITE PISTONS ★ AEROBAT CARBURETOR ★ NEW BULL'S-EYE STEERING ★ TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING ★ UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER ★ BUILT-IN DEFROSTER CONNECTIONS ★ AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION OPTIONAL ON SERIES 40
BETTER BUY BUICK ON EASY GENERAL MOTORS TERMS

You should get it—and here's why!

WATCH it flashing down the street. You've got to admit—it's handsome.

You ride in it, compliments of a friend, and find here's travel as you really want travel to be.

Listen to the talk. There's no denying the keen enthusiasm that colors the comment on Buick.

"Nice job," you agree..."*If* you can afford it!"

Well, *mister!* You're the very man whose eyes we want to open. What you're overlooking is the biggest news of all about Buick.

Take this trim, taut, streamlined, 5-passenger, 4-door sedan. Put your foot on *that* treadle, and you're lord and master over 107 of the liveliest, smoothest, quickest-triggered horsepower you ever rode behind.

Travel in *these* deep seats, and you know a ride new in cushioned ease, new in safety—the stout steel coils that smother shock over Buick's rear wheels mean not only smoothness, but less skid-danger, better traction, easier control, longer tire life.

You're handling a rangy full-size car—firm, stable, solid, amply powered—and yet...

What you pay for this great-hearted DYNAFLASH straight-eight is actually less than is asked for some sixes!

With all the smoothness, and comfort, and safety, and size, this bonny Buick with its new TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING is only a few dollars a week higher than smaller cars that lack its new-day features.

What you get is value so great that folks just won't do without it! Value that actually kept Buick sales *climbing* while sales for the rest of the industry were coasting downhill.

All of which can be summed up in one pleasant thought—you *can* afford this car you *wish* you could afford. Ask your Buick dealer about his easy payment terms and see!

"Better buy Buick!"

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

NEW POWER!

Smooth as marble under silk, this new DYNAFLASH engine actually *gets more good out of every drop of gasoline!* The secret? "Cyclompression!" Higher compression without knock—plus *turbulence in the fuel charge!* Each spark actually sets off a tiny cyclone! Try Buick and *feel* the difference!

NEW RIDE!

Utterly *new*—utterly *different!* And your car not only travels with a new fluid suppleness, but *skid-risks* are reduced, *handling* is surer, rear *tires* last longer, *upkeep* is simpler and cheaper. One ride on TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING—and you'll refuse any car without it!

LOOK INTO THESE SLIGHTLY-USED CARS!

Here's another way to cash in on the bigger value in these 1938 Buicks! Because demand is great for '38 models, Buick dealers get the pick of the trade-ins. Many are next thing to new—all of them put in tip-top condition. Dealers would rather move these cars quick than hold them—so even the price tags are in your favor.

Many makes—many models—wide price range. Convenient terms, of course. Remember...

For a BETTER Used Car BUY See your BUICK Dealer First!